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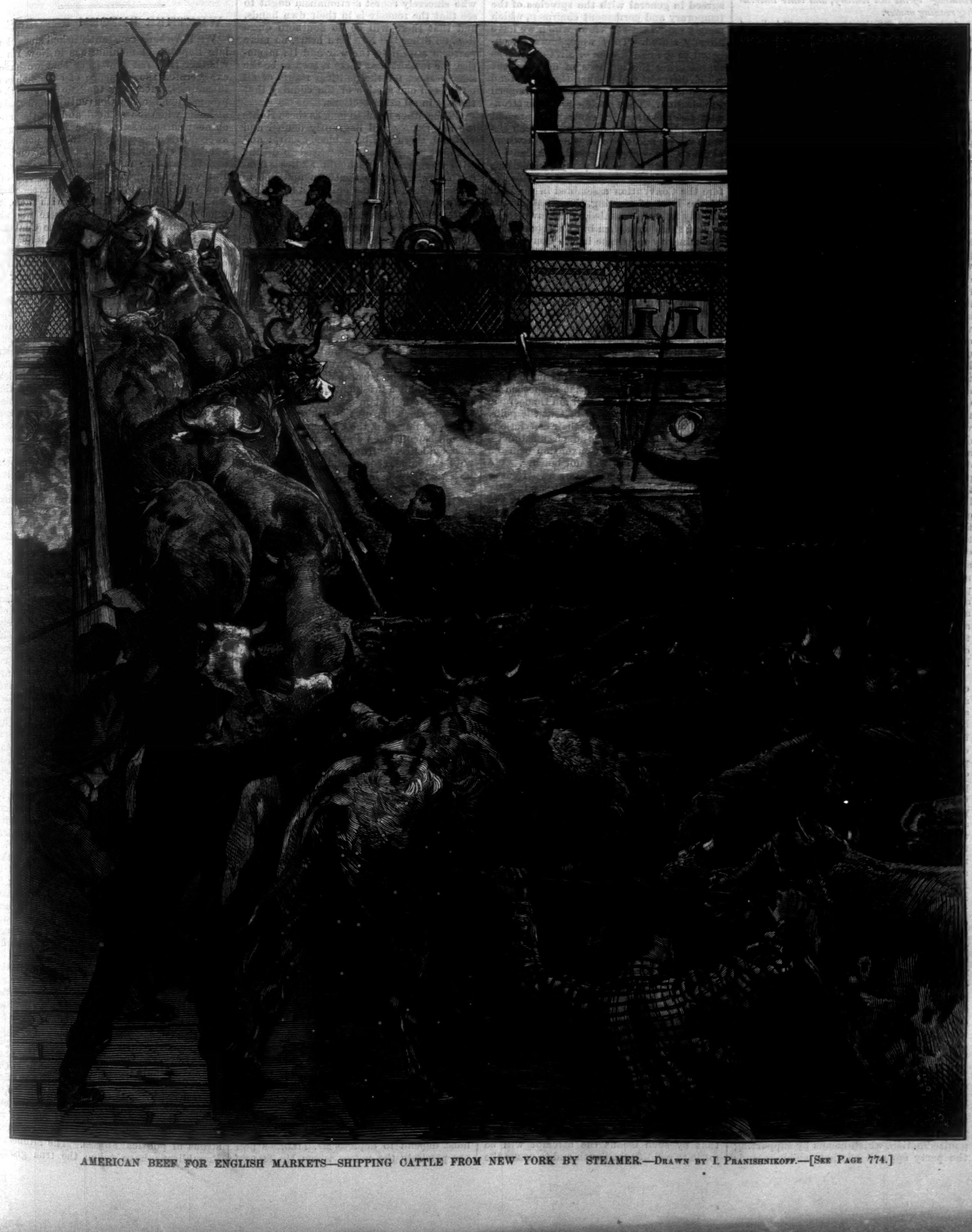

AMERICAN BEEF FOR ENGLISH MARKETS—SHIPPING CATTLE FROM NEW YORK BY STEAMER.—Drawn by I. Pranishnikoff.—[See Page 774.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 27, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains the continuation of the story,* "The Sunken Rock;" *a fine engraving from a painting by* P. Sidney Holland, *called* "*How their Grandfather Died,*" *with an interesting article on* "*Ancient Armor;*" *a description of a* "*Chess Humbug*" *of the last century, and other interesting reading matter.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE SARATOGA CONVENTION.

BOTH of the New York political Conventions have now been held, and time enough has elapsed since that of the Republicans at Saratoga to collect and consider the various criticisms upon it. With one accord the Democrats and independents wish the Republican minority a hearty appetite for their boiled crow, and that minority is probably neither surprised nor dismayed by the comments of the two classes of critics. There is a great deal of comedy in these comments also, as when one of the papers which had urgently and solemnly warned Mr. Conkling that the nomination of Mr. Cornell would defeat the party in the State this year, and go far to destroy it next year in the country, suddenly turned, after the nomination, upon the Republicans who had taken the same ground, and sneered at them as the silliest of fools. The Democratic comment is naturally good-natured, because the Republicans have done the very thing which the Democrats wished them to do. Indeed, if Mr. Tilden, instead of Mr. Conkling, had had the direction of the matter to suit his own Democratic purposes, he would have done precisely what has been done; that is to say, he would have taken a course which would repel the entire independent vote, chill and alienate a large part of the Republican vote, and inspire the Democratic vote. It is with perfect urbanity, therefore, that Democrats select the choicer bits of crow, and commend them to those Republicans who earnestly opposed the action at Saratoga, and who, having consumed their portion, will be politely shown by the same courteous Democratic marshals to their places in "the Conkling procession," and requested to fall in behind and to mark time. This is all fair fooling, and as the Democratic brethren have such a huge crow, and such a long procession of their own to join as they proceed to their own funeral, they need not be grudged their little joke.

The "independent" criticism, however, is of another kind. It is serious and sincere, and its invitation to the feast of crow is bitter and contemptuous, and accuses the Republican minority of pusillanimity, if not of treachery. "Independent" criticism is becoming constantly more trenchant and important. There is no doubt that, after the extreme political tension of a generation, party ties are relaxing, and that at this time in the State of New York the independent vote is so large as to have become a vital consideration in all political calculations. It is because this is undeniable that the *Weekly* opposed in advance the kind of nomination which was made at Saratoga, and which has lost to the Republican party in the election of the autumn the sympathy and support of that important class to which Mr. Tilden, the shrewdest of Democratic politicians, always appeals. The "independent" censure of the Republican minority at Saratoga is, in substance, that it did not bolt. The criticism is that the minority should have protested and withdrawn from the Convention, because to have protested emphatically, and then quietly to have taken places in the party procession, keeping step with the file-leaders, would have been ludicrous. But this criticism omits the fact that the minority in this case are still Republicans. They believe that there is a purpose to suppress by fraud and violence part of the vote in certain States in order to obtain control of the national government, and they think that under our political traditions and usages this purpose can be frustrated only by organized action, which means by supporting the party opposed to that which intends the usurpation. They believe, further, that there is great danger of mischievous meddling with the finances, and that the practical way to prevent it is to sustain the party which—so far as the result depends upon party action—has produced the present favorable situation, and will develop and complete it. They agree, therefore, in the Republican view of the situation, and in considering the Republican party to be the only practicable agency to deal with it and to accomplish the ends they seek. But they are opposed to many of the managers of the agency, believing that in various ways they imperil the common purpose; and in furtherance of that purpose the minority naturally endeavor to change the party management. But obviously they will not "bolt," that is to say, they will not renounce the agency altogether, until they are persuaded that its management is a greater evil than that which the agency would redress.

In the Saratoga Convention the minority agreed in general with the platform. They agreed in general with the speeches of the temporary and permanent chairmen, which merely expressed the views which we have already stated. They were, however, opposed to the nomination of Mr. Cornell as representing the methods of management which discredit and weaken the party, tend to the degradation of politics, and imperil the election. They made one of the strongest and most hopeful contests to prevent the nomination ever made under such circumstances, and made it when and where alone such a contest is possible in Conventions, constituted as our party Conventions are—individually among the delegates before the Convention assembled in the hall. At the hour of meeting, the question was already inflexibly settled, and known to be so, and there were then but four courses for the minority to pursue in the Convention. They could protest and bolt; they could protest and acquiesce; or they could bolt, or acquiesce without protesting. Now there was probably not one of the four hundred and fifty-four delegates who was ready, under the circumstances, to bolt, while a vehement protest and subsequent acquiescence would only have emphasized the victory, and so have weakened the minority position of known and resolute opposition to the machine despotism. As it is, those Republicans who think that despotism to be a more threatening evil than Democratic ascendency will probably bolt at the polls, as the only way of making their convictions effective. But, under the circumstances, the minority in the Convention can be blamed logically only for not bolting. We should be treacherous to our own Republican convictions if we did not say frankly that the result at Saratoga, due not to the Republican sentiment of the State, but to the present management of the party, has unnecessarily endangered Republican success both this year and the next, and ought to compel every honest Republican to reflect whether that is a wise party management which has deliberately and consciously taken the surest way possible to Republicans to secure the Democratic success which every Republican deprecates.

THE BLOODY SHIRT.

The trial of the Chisholm criminals which is now taking place in Mississippi is watched with great interest throughout the country. There are various prognostics about it in letters from the State, and among them is the remark that public opinion makes conviction or punishment impossible. The real question of interest is whether in that community and in Yazoo there is really a civilized and conservative force of opinion equal to the emergency. There are certain districts in the State verging upon barbarism, and nothing but resolute organization and assertion of law and order can redeem them. Unfortunately there have been no signs of a disposition to insist upon civilization, except in some of the newspapers; while in others, both within and without the State, there is either an insolent or a timid excuse or defense of the violence with which the name of Mississippi is becoming associated. Even Mr. Lamar, from whom many persons in this part of the country have hoped for some kind of opposition to the tendencies of his State in political violence, is reported to have dismissed the shooting of Dixon as a personal quarrel. It was, however, evidently no more a personal quarrel than the Chisholm murders. They were both political crimes. Mr. Lamar would hardly say that Dixon would have been assassinated if he had not been a candidate for Sheriff against the dominant party.

These incidents reveal a condition of society of which the intelligent "North" is forced to take notice, and the change of its political attitude is due to its conviction that by such means the attempt will be made to solidify the South and to usurp the government. However the sectional aspect which this situation imposes upon politics may be regretted, it can not be overlooked. The political crimes in the South, and the condition of feeling which they reveal, with the ground taken by the Southern members of Congress during the extra session, can not be disregarded by the most moderate and conciliatory men, and they force upon the country a political situation which is greatly to be deplored. Nor is there any probability that this situation will change until there are signs of an efficient conservative movement in the Southern States, and a disposition to tolerate political differences and protect political rights. Republicans who hold with us that the national government has an unquestionable right to defend national elections within the State, do not wish to see any necessity for such defense. They would greatly prefer that the opinion of the community should protect the rights of every citizen in "the South," as it generally does in "the North;" and Southerners who sincerely regret sectionalism ought to see that the remedy is in their own hands, and that there will be no Southern question, no firing the Northern heart, no mere partisan appeal to the war and its memories, the instant that there is seen to be the same respect for the political rights of all citizens in one section of the country that there is in all other sections.

On the other hand, so long as those rights are notoriously and flagrantly denied and violated, there will be a bloody shirt; and whoever is disgusted and "tired to death" with that garment, should address himself energetically to Southern and not to Northern leaders. It would be a ridiculous rag except for Democratic action; and if the Southern Democratic authorities should insist that colored voters should not be harried and terrorized, but should be protected in voting, the bloody shirt would shrivel and disappear. It is in vain to sneer at Republicans for asserting the principle of equal rights. That has been the Republican principle always, and the supreme folly of the Democrats is that they have re-opened the question, and enabled the Republicans to make their strongest appeal. Artemus Ward said that it would have been ten dollars in Jefferson Davis's pocket if he had never been born, and it would have been probably a President in the Democratic party if it had promptly protected the threatened rights of the colored citizens. If, after a fair trial, the Chisholm offenders should be convicted and punished, or, upon just evidence, and not by the pressure of public opinion, acquitted, the result would be a great public benefit.

THE MAINE ELECTION.

The election in Maine shows Republican gains, and as we go to press it looks as if a Republican Governor would be elected by the Legislature. The significant fact seems to be the Greenback strength among the farmers. It will be remembered that it was the farmers' vote which carried the new California Constitution. California also has pronounced for the Republicans, and it is not likely to be lost in the Presidential contest of next year. It is in the air that the Republicans will carry Ohio, and the fierce quarrels of the Democrats in New York point to Republican success here. Reviving industry, increased confidence, and a great harvest are also favorable to the Republicans, while the terrible details of the Chisholm trial are a persuasive popular argument against the Democrats.

The Maine election, conducted with great energy by Mr. Blaine for the Republicans, shows, however, with its favorable Republican aspect, no positive or radical change in the general situation. There is evidently no Republican disposition to seek reform or to chide Republican errors by supporting the Democratic party; but, on the other hand, the Democrats are not ready to abandon their own lines. Mr. Thurman holds them in Ohio, but the tone of his speech is not inspiring, and certainly affords no Republican good reason for deserting his own side. The elections of the year thus far certainly promise Republican success.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATS.

The Democrats of New York, wisely for themselves, have renominated Governor Robinson. Undoubtedly he represents a quarrel in the party, but he also represents the most masterly political management in the party. Defection on the part of Tammany will be counteracted by Mr. Tilden. However good a politician Mr. Kelly may be, Mr. Tilden is an infinitely better one. He has longer experience of all the necessary arts to manage the city, and the voters upon whom Tammany must depend to deplete Mr. Tilden's poll are precisely the voters whom Mr. Tilden has means to reach. A certain number of Democratic votes may be diverted from Governor Robinson, but the loss will be more than compensated by the want of Republican enthusiasm, and by the tendency of the floating vote to Governor Robinson.

The renomination is a bold stroke, but, under the circumstances, that is good policy. Any other action, in a Convention confessedly in the hands of Mr. Tilden's friends, would have been a victory of Tammany, the moral effect of which would have been fatal to Mr. Tilden's plans. It is plain that if he had yielded, and another candidate had been nominated, and had been successful, the result would have doomed Mr. Tilden. Nothing but the success of Governor Robinson at the election could secure Mr. Tilden's nomination. If the Governor should be re-elected, Mr. Tilden will be certainly the Democratic candidate next year. Should he be defeated, Mr. Tilden will disappear from politics.

WHETHER REFORM REFORMS.

We have been constantly asked since the late Republican nominations in New York whether it is not now clear that we have exaggerated the influence of office-holders in politics, since they took no part in the preparation for the Convention, and staid at home when it was held, and yet the machine was successful. The *Times* has answered this suggestion forcibly by pointing out both the character of the Convention and the meagre majority of the machine. But while the great offices in the city of New York honorably refrained from the part which has become traditional with them, it must not be supposed that there was no office-holding interference in the Convention, for it was carried by such influence. In fact, instead of showing that such influence does not control Conventions, the result at Saratoga showed that except for it the machine would have been broken. It must be remembered that the great multitude of subordinates in the service were appointed under the old system. They have been accustomed always "to work" for Conventions, and they think that it is their business and duty to do it. Their relations are wholly with the old machine, which still controls the party. They regard the President's order as stuff, and the Administration as an interregnum; and this class not only worked, but secured the Convention for the machine—working, of course, in collusion with the old "bosses," whom they expect and hope to see return to their old places. It is upon this kind of activity—protected, as is alleged, by the President's purpose not to interfere in elections, and not to remove except for cause—that the old "bosses" depend to carry the next Convention, and to retain control of the party.

It is evident, then, that we have not exaggerated this influence. On the other hand, indeed, there are not a few opponents of the machine who declare indignantly that it is stronger than ever in consequence of the civil service rules, and we are derisively told that civil service reform defeats itself by paralyzing its friends and strengthening its enemies. Civil service reform does no such thing. Its principle is that appointments shall be made only for tested and proved merit, and removals only for cause. But here is a service full of those who have not been appointed for merit, but solely by political influence, and for political purposes. This is the very evil to be corrected. When, therefore, these persons take the part which the President has forbidden as a gross abuse, that of itself is the best cause for removal. And whenever an office-holder decides to take the forbidden part, he should be peremptorily removed. To accomplish this result, and secure the enforcement of his order, the Executive should hold every superior officer appointed by him responsible for the conduct of his subordinate officers. It is not enough that the chief takes no part; it is his duty to see that his subordinates take none, and nobody will do that duty but those who believe that it ought to be done. Reforms are to be accomplished by those who believe in them, not by those who do not.

As for the President's interfering with the political rights of American citizens, the reply is that the President is protecting the political rights of American citizens against the power of place and patronage. As for superior officers playing the part of spy and informer over their subordinates, the reply is that every superior is bound to see that the subordinate does his duty, and it is the duty of the subordinate not to interfere with the free expression of the popular will. The result at Saratoga proves that a vigorous enforcement of the cardinal principle of reform would correct one of the most monstrous of political abuses. The Minnesota Republicans have taken the true ground upon the general subject. They "adhere to the advanced position heretofore taken by the Republican party in favor of civil service reform. A true reform of the civil service should, among other benefits, lead to a reduction in the number of offices, and promote economy. Any measure of civil service reform, to be effective, should be put into the form of a law, and not be left subject to annulment by mere Executive authority." In the absence of a law, however, it rests necessarily upon Executive authority alone. But if the Minnesota Republicans will, as a State division of the national Republican party, demand that the reform shall be made law, they will not only reduce the number of offices and promote economy, but they will win for the party the active and earnest support of those who now despair of it.

THE LAST REVOLUTIONARY CENTENNIAL.

The citizens of York County, in Virginia, are already stirring to prepare for the closing centennial Revolutionary anniversary of the great series of the last few years, that of the surrender of Cornwallis. A national association of representatives from all the States is proposed to be elected at a meeting of delegates in Philadelphia on the approaching 19th of October, and it is hoped that a celebration worthy of the occasion may be arranged. There is no doubt, whatever may be done or omitted, that there will be crowds and enthusiasm. The celebrations of minor events during this summer, at Fairfield, Stony Point, and Elmira, show how ready is the popular response to the feeling of such occasions.

The series opened in Massachusetts and closes in Virginia, and the interest and ardor with which each event has been commemorated show how deep and strong is the national feeling. There have been no days in our history which have so continuously for so long a time assembled such enthusiastic crowds. Two years ago, at Oriskany, all Central New York seemed to be present. Later in the same year, at Bemis's Heights, there was another immense throng; and a few days later, at Schuylerville, the scene of Burgoyne's surrender, the multitude was prodigious. The same interest has been observed in other States, and it will doubtless culminate in Virginia.

"MR. H."

The friends of Charles Lamb have always grieved in sympathy with him over the fatal failure of his farce of *Mr. H.* at Drury Lane Theatre seventy-three years ago. Talfourd says that the humor was too delicate for the general public, and that verbal banter and refining upon sounds and letters could not succeed. All that Lamb himself said and wrote about it is full of his characteristic fun. He writes to Wordsworth about the form of order to the boxes which he is contemplating, and he dallies delightfully with the "little thin flowery border, round, neat, not gaudy," and with the probable pressure upon him. "I think it will be best to write my name at full length; but then, if I give away a great many, that will be tedious. Perhaps 'Ch. Lamb' will do."

He was to get £200 from the theatre if *Mr. H.* had a good run, and nothing if it failed. It failed. The fatal evening was the 10th of December, 1806. The house was crowded. The preceding play was insufferably dull. Mr. Elliston, the hero of the farce, entered in great good humor, and the prologue went off capitally. That was all. The first act ended doubtfully. The second—there were but two—dragged heavily, and when the point came, the yawning audience hissed and hooted roundly, and Lamb, sitting in front of the pit, joined heartily in his own "damnation." Elliston would have tried it again, but Lamb was too wise, and laid poor Mr. H. in his grave, covered with puns.

It is refreshing to find that the play was triumphantly revived sixteen years afterward—a fact which is recorded by Mathews in his autobiography, recently published, and which will kindly incline every lover of Lamb to that work. It was at a private amateur performance at the English opera-house in the Strand, and the audience was so brilliant and fashionable that Lady Morgan exclaimed: "Why, there's a greater rush here than to see Catalani." It was on the evening of the 26th April, 1822. The performance began with *Mr. H.* ("*N.B.*—This piece was damned at Drury Lane Theatre.") Mathews says of it: "The farce of *Mr. H.*, with which the entertainment commenced, was written by Charles Lamb, and a witty prologue for this occasion was contributed by James Smith, and admirably spoken by Mrs. Edwin. The play had been, why I can't say, unsuccessfully produced some years before at Drury Lane. It was very whimsical, and went off, as it is termed, 'with roars.' The part of Mr. H. was certainly capitally acted by Captain Hill, an amateur of long practice at the Woolwich theatricals, and the Landlord by Mr. Gyles, an established favorite at the Kilkenny theatricals. Mrs. Edwin, the charming actress of the London theatres, and Mrs. Bryan, a first-rate soubrette, completed the cast. Indeed, Captain Hill's triumph was so great that it induced him to embrace the stage as a profession. He was long known as Benson Hill, and became a popular actor and author." Did Lamb ever taste the perfect pleasure which knowledge of this evening would have given him? There is no trace of it in his letters; but Mr. Dickens, who edits the memoir of Mathews, should have made diligent inquiry. There is nothing more agreeable in the whole entertaining book than this story of the happy resurrection of *Mr. H.*

COLLEGE STATISTICS.

The time of the opening of schools has come, and we find some seasonable, interesting, and valuable statistics in President Barnard's address upon Education and the State, delivered at the First Annual Commencement of the Regents of the University of the State of New York, in July of this year. The discourse itself is an ample and able discussion of the obligation of the State to provide for the higher education, and the extent and grounds of the obligation. President Barnard gives a generous interpretation to this duty, not upon the common ground of enabling the citizen to read the laws, but upon that of increasing individual efficiency. To this end he contemplates the existing threefold system of common school, academy, and college, and he would have the State establish the college, if private interest had not already done so.

We do not mean to follow the argument, and content ourselves here with recommending the address of this eminent teacher to public attention. Our present interest is in some of the details mentioned by him. President Barnard, with all who have thought most wisely upon the subject, opposes the multiplication of colleges. It seems that the aggregate number of college students bears a tolerably steady ratio to the total of the population: it is about one to twenty-five hundred, and does not vary with the number of colleges. In fifty years the population of the Union has increased nearly fourfold, the number of colleges threefold, and the number of students but little more than twofold. There are now about 18,000 under-graduates in the country, distributed among 425 colleges. Yet if there were 500 students at a college, there would be needed only thirty-six colleges, or scarcely one to a State. In New York there are sixteen colleges and 1855 students, which gives an average of 116 to each college.

The argument of convenience in so large a number of colleges was valid fifty years ago; but now, if every student attended the college in his own State, he would be less than twenty-four hours from home. If there were but a quarter as many colleges, the average time of travel would not be increased an hour. The denominational and local arguments are not really important. The excellence of a college depends upon its ample resources of every kind, and it is possible, although this is not a remark for which President Barnard is responsible, that one great college in New York might be sixteen times better than the sixteen that exist. New York has 1 college to 320,000 inhabitants; Massachusetts, with her seven, 1 to 230,000; Connecticut, with her three, 1 to 200,000; Rhode Island, 1 to 260,000; Pennsylvania, with twenty-nine, 1 to 135,000; Illinois, with thirty, 1 to 100,000; Tennessee, with twenty-seven, 1 to 95,000; Indiana and Missouri, each with twenty-three, 1 to 90,000; Ohio, with thirty-seven, 1 to 80,000; and Iowa, with twenty-one, 1 to 70,000. The whole number of colleges in all the States is about 425, or about 1 to a little more than 100,000. These are proximate figures only, for although the statistics of such institutions should be the most accessible of all, they are the most difficult, owing to the constant rise and fall of the "universities." President Barnard says that he is told that in one State any seven men who may associate themselves for the purpose, and contribute a total of five thousand dollars, may organize a college, and proceed to confer degrees. The moral of such statistics is obvious, and we shall doubtless recur to the valuable information of this discourse.

ECHOES OF THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The Boston Fourth-of-July oration this year was by Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, whose life of his grandfather, George Cabot, the president of the Hartford Convention, and a very eminent Hamiltonian Federalist, is one of the most admirable of our political biographies. Mr. Lodge has written also a capital monograph upon Timothy Pickering; and his tastes, studies, and literary ability justify the expectation of other valuable political works from his hand. The oration is a comprehensive view of our national achievements, and of our national perils and duties. As the orator truly says, "We have reached the second stage in our national birthdays. The time for reflection has come."

It is interesting to observe the course of political development in families as in States. Among our younger political writers none are more accomplished and fitted for their work than Mr. Lodge and Mr. Henry Adams. The great-grandson of John Adams has just done singular justice to Albert Gallatin, the financial genius of Jefferson's administration; and the grandson of George Cabot, in his Fourth-of-July oration, makes a strong and suggestive plea for State rights. He points out with acute discrimination the sources of the strength of "separatism" at the time of the adoption of the Constitution. The State traditions and memories were all that the colonists had, and the new government, the Union, was a political device, with no association but the somewhat jarring and jealous union of the war. Hence the State feeling was originally overweighted, although nothing is plainer than that, upon the whole, the party in power has always been strongly national, while the opposition has inclined to State rights.

Mr. Lodge pleads warmly for the careful cultivation of the sentiment of State rights. Without it, he says, there is no health in us. The tendency of all large communities is toward centralization, and it is full of peril. Measures must not be judged by their expediency rather than by their conformity to constitutional principles; and since nationality is safe, our most important duty is to protect local rights. Two principles will surely save us—reverence for the Constitution, and careful maintenance of the State-rights principle. We commend this clear and forcible statement the more willingly because it is really that of the soundest principle of the Republican party. That party naturally magnified the national power while it was assailed, but it does not recede one inch from its declarations for State rights made at Chicago in 1860. Mr. Lodge's warning against the strife of classes is not less timely and wise, and his oration is as excellent in literary form as in its weight of suggestion.

A GUIDE AND FRIEND.

Berkshire, in Massachusetts, is by no means the Switzerland of America, although it has been called so; but it is a most picturesque and delightful country, full of historic interest and romantic legend and association, and its old county town, Lenox, has long been a favorite summer resort. Mr. Bryant lived for some years in his youth at Great Barrington, in Berkshire; Hawthorne lived at Lenox; Longfellow and Holmes and Herman Melville are associated with Pittsfield; Miss Sedgwick and her family with Stockbridge; and the county is full of kindred interest. Its natural charms are very great, and there is no "finer figure" of a mountain than Greylock, seen from any part of the county.

So rich a region was sure to have its peculiar laureate, and "Godfrey Greylock," a name as suspicious as Geoffrey Crayon, has naturally appeared, and in a convenient volume has collected the tale and incident and description of the Berkshire hills and valleys. It is a manual of the county, the accumulated lore of a true lover and long resident, who has been wandering and listening and gathering from every source, until Berkshire itself may well be astonished to know how worthy it is of its fame.

Mr. Greylock discusses with great plainness of speech, but in a kindly vein, some of the more noted Berkshire families; and he gives a good idea of the vigorous personality of Miss Sedgwick, to whom the happy compliment was most justly addressed at the Berkshire Jubilee: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." Our author delivers one judgment, in speaking of Miss Sedgwick, which we have sometimes heard elsewhere: that, so far as words go, there is no intolerance so unsparing as that of liberalism. The reason of the phenomenon which is here described as intolerance we suppose to be earnestness. "Liberals" are protestants. But there must be very strong and sincere feeling to drive a man out of the comfort of the existing order, and his protest will show the depth of his feeling and conviction. Conservatism accepts the old order with indifference. But Reform is by nature iconoclastic, and breaks the images which Conservatism indolently admires. We do not mean, however, to break a lance with Mr. Godfrey Greylock: we intended only to thank him for a most "chatty" and entertaining Berkshire companion.

PERSONAL.

The Tilden Democrats gained the day at Syracuse, renominating all the present State officers except Lieutenant-Governor Dorsheimer, whose place was filled by Clarkson N. Potter. The defeated Tammany delegates withdrew from the Convention, and meeting in another hall, nominated their leader, John Kelly, for Governor.

—Lord Beaconsfield is as particular about his apparel as he was in the heyday of his youth and popularity as an author. At the late dinner at the Mansion-House, London, he was got up as faultlessly as ever: not a crease in his well-fitting coat, nor an inch too much in his well-cut waistcoat. The remains of his once flowing hair were all gathered in close proximity, making a last gallant stand against the inroads of time, like the Zulus against the troops of Great Britain. The Park Lane exquisite has become the dining-room oracle. Lightness and elegance have given place to solidity and responsibility, but self-consciousness still remains, and his lordship's valet must have quite as much trouble, and be made to spend quite as much time, over his master's toilet now as in the days when "Disraeli the younger" was considered the glass of fashion and the mould of form.

—Alison says that the two following lines by Campbell compose "the most perfect and unmixed metaphor in the English language:"

> "'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
> And coming events cast their shadows before."

—Speaking of Mr. Justin McCarthy, the *University Magazine* says: "Notwithstanding Mr. McCarthy's varied gifts, his interest in politics seems to be the most overpowering interest in his life, and probably he is more in his place in the House than he has been anywhere as yet. His election had an element of the romantic about it. Some private theatricals were taking place at his house, and in the midst of the amusement a telegram arrived, simply saying, 'Come to Longford; we want to elect you as a member.' At a moment's notice Mr. McCarthy and his son, who acts as his secretary, started for Longford. When he returned home he came back in the character of the successful candidate. He is regarded as an avowed Home Ruler; but though he does not hold himself aloof from his party in the House, he has shown no disposition as yet to join in their extravagancies."

—Mr. Huxley, at a recent distribution of prizes at the University of London, gave the boys an interesting talk on success in life. Three things, he says, are especially useful—intellectual quickness, industry, and the power of bearing fatigue. He thinks less of mere cleverness than of industry and physical endurance, and endurance highest of all. Often a man's future hangs upon his ability to do an excessive amount of work. If allowed to ask the good fairy to endow his boy, he would ask first for a "broad deep chest, and a stomach of whose existence he shall never know anything." Going further yet, while he congratulates the clever boys on getting the prizes, he also remarks that this is not everything. A competitive examination touches but lightly on the question of character. And a man of force of character, who knows well whatever he knows, who is responsible, trustworthy, and single-minded, is worth all the clever and the learned. "Professor Circumstance" gives higher marks to character than to cleverness. Very likely among those who took no prizes "there may lie the making of some simple soldier whose practical sense and indomitable courage may save an army led by characterless cleverness to the brink of destruction, or some plain man of business who, by dint of sheer honesty and firmness, may slowly and surely rise to prosperity and honor, when his more brilliant compeers, for lack of character, have gone down, with all who trusted them, to hopeless ruin."

—The Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, is the oldest Congregational clergyman now preaching in Connecticut. He was ordained in 1824. The oldest clergyman in that State of the same denomination who has exercised ministerial functions is the Rev. Joel Mann, of New Haven, who was ordained in 1815.

—The Right Hon. Henry Bouverie Brand, it is said, will, at the close of the present Parliament, resign his position as Speaker of the House of Commons, to which he was elected in 1872 without opposition. The Speaker is furnished by the government with a sumptuous residence in the New Palace of Westminster, and is paid a salary of $25,000 a year. Mr. Brand is sixty-five years old, and is the second son of the twenty-first Baron Dacre. He has been twenty-seven years in the House of Commons. For nine years he was Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury, and discharged the laborious duties of "whip" with great zeal and success. He is equally popular with Liberals and Conservatives.

—The Comte de Chambord, now sixty-six, is straight, stout, handsome, lame, and lazy. When remonstrated with recently on his inactivity, he replied: "My life will not have been a useless one. I might have done less than I have done, if I had tried to do more." His devotees address him as "Monseigneur" and "Your Royal Highness," but, in accordance with his request, never as "Your Majesty."

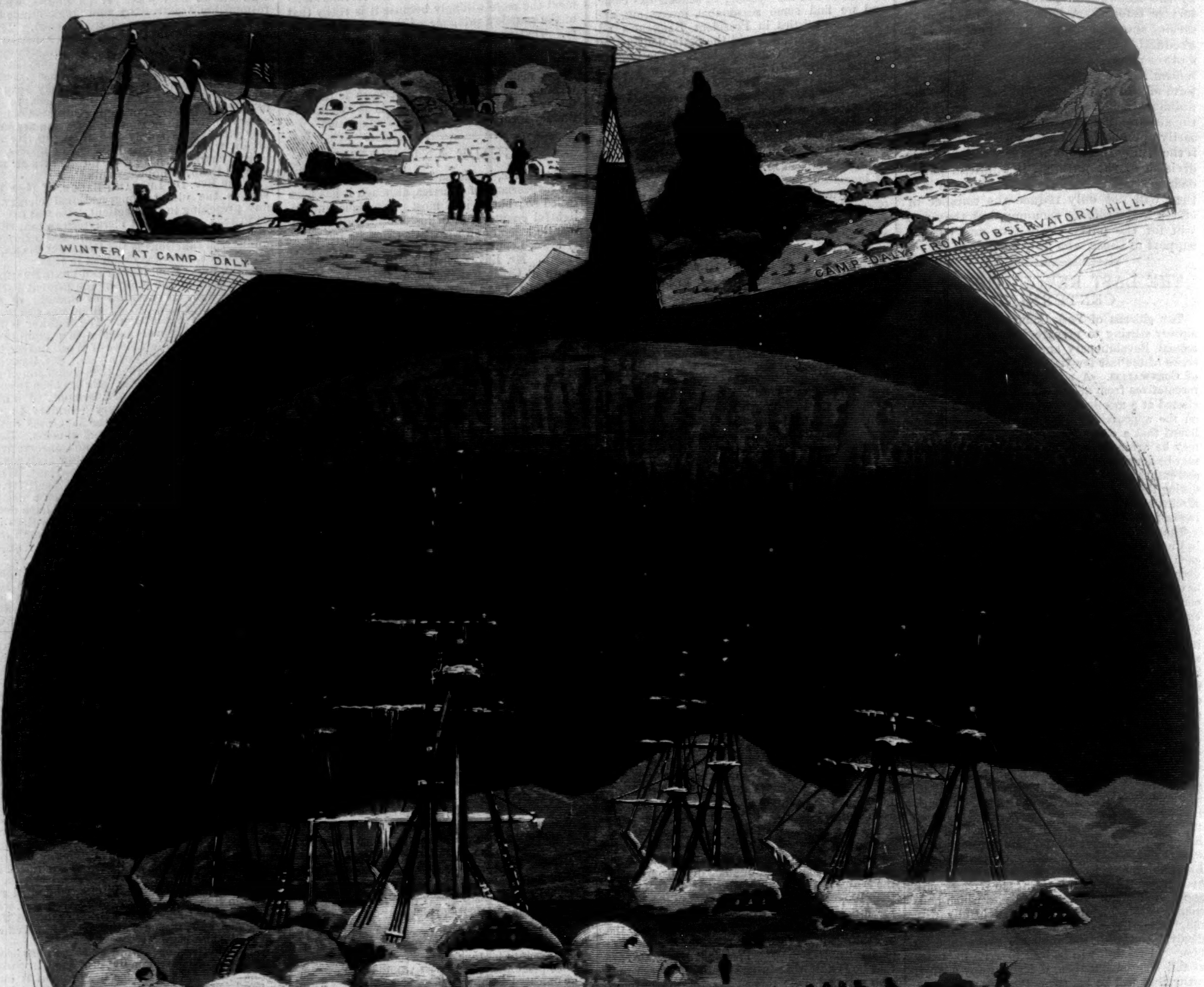
—Lord Bloomfield, formerly for twenty years British ambassador at Vienna, has just died, and having no heirs, the title is extinct. The family history is unique. George IV. was devoted to music, and "drew a pleasant bow" on the violin. One day at Brighton the gentleman who was to have made the fourth in the evening's quartette was prevented from attending. The King was expressing his vexation at this *contretemps* in strong terms, when a gentleman present suggested that he had lately heard a young Irish officer, then in barracks at Brighton, perform charmingly, and that possibly he might take the place of the defaulter. The King was delighted at the idea, and instantly sent to secure him. Lieutenant Bloomfield came, played, and conquered. The King took a violent and very enduring fancy for him, soon appointed him to a valuable post in the household, and Bloomfield, ultimately raised to an Irish peerage, remained his most confidential companion up to his death. The son, just deceased, was appointed a page of honor, then had a free commission in the Guards, and ultimately entered the diplomatic service, and in 1858 was raised to the English peerage.

—Dr. William Henry Young, who died recently in London at the age of ninety-three, was on the medical staff of the British army at the battle of Waterloo, and had previously served in the Peninsular campaign.

—General Cesnola's work on *Cyprus* has been translated into German by Professor Ludwig Stern, and a Leipsic house has brought it out in handsome form. A preface to it is furnished by Professor Moritz Ebers, who is connected with the University of Leipsic, and is widely known in Europe. "What Layard," he says, "has done for Babylon and Nineveh, what Mariette has done for Egypt, what Schliemann has done for Ilium and Mycenæ, that Cesnola has done for Cyprus. Among the names of the most fortunate excavators a place of honor is secured for him, and he has nobly earned it by years of battling with long vexations, and through dangers to which our richly gifted Dr. Siegismund fell a victim." Professor Ebers adds that the importance of a German edition of the work appeared to him so great that when the publishers asked him for advice in the matter he "not only gave a decided assent," but also said that he would be glad, in a preface, to call the attention of his countrymen to the translation.

—Mr. John Esten Cooke, author of *Stories of the Old Dominion*, who had divers talks with Thackeray when in this country, says that the great Englishman told him that he dictated to an amanuensis the whole of *Esmond* and of *Pendennis*. He said, also, that he always began writing with a cigar in his mouth. He always wrote in the morning, as writing at night excited him so that he could not sleep. He said to Mr. Cooke that Becky Sharp made his fortune. "I married early," he added, "and wrote for bread, and *Vanity Fair* was my first successful work. I like Becky in that book. Sometimes I think I have myself some of her tastes." He had apparently thoroughly made up his mind not to criticise his American entertainers. He said, very emphatically, to Mr. Cooke: "I shall not write any thing upon America. My secretary may; he is quite capable. And as to abusing you, if I do I'm ——!" ending with exceeding strength. He expressed hearty admiration of Washington, declaring, earnestly, when Mr. Cooke said something about the general's being hanged as a rebel if the British had caught him, "We had better have lost North America."

—Hon. J. Henry Puleston, member of Parliament from Devonport, and now on his way to this country from England, is pleasantly remembered in the social and financial circles of New York. He is an old newspaper man, having edited two or three papers in Pennsylvania. During the political campaign of 1860 he was an effective speaker for Lincoln, and during the war was State Agent at Washington for Pennsylvania. Subsequently he became a member of the banking house of Jay Cooke, McCulloch, & Co. While in New York he was for some time president of the St. David's (Welsh) Society, and was conspicuous for the brightness and tact with which he presided at their annual dinners, and was always welcomed at the St. George's, Knickerbocker, St. Andrew's, and other societies, for the felicitous manner in which he replied to the toasts in honor of the patron saint of Wales.

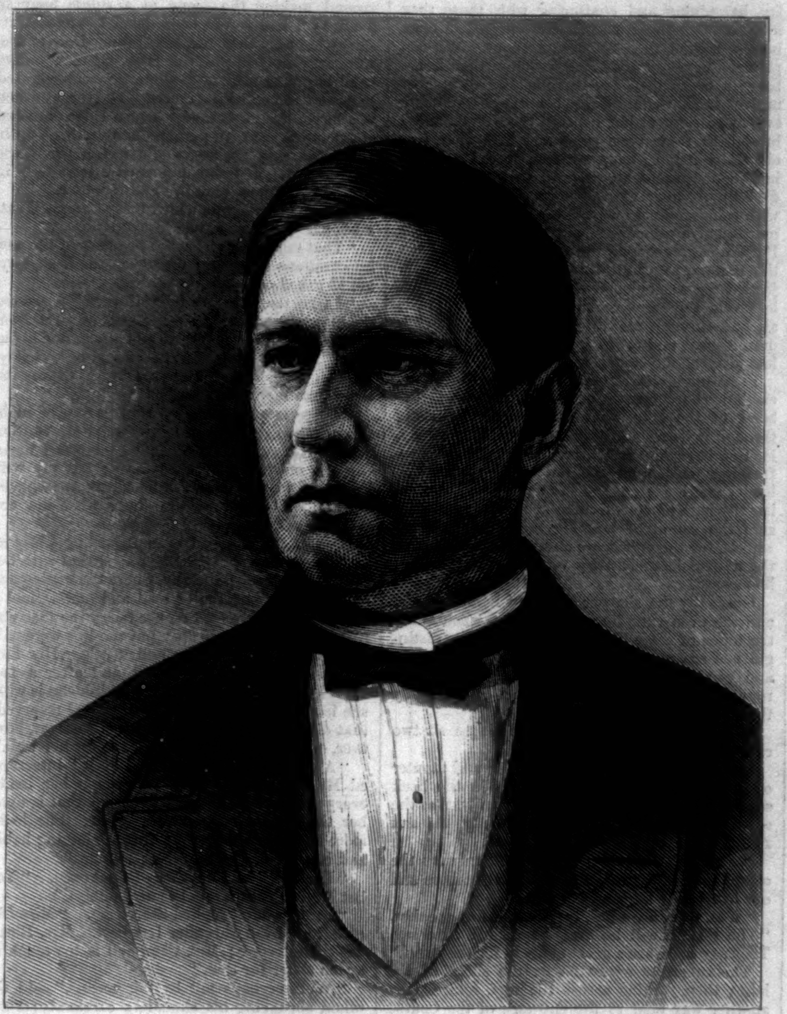

WINTER AT CAMP DALY
CAMP DALY FROM OBSERVATORY HILL
WHALING VESSELS IN WINTER-QUARTERS, MARBLE ISLAND
DEADMAN'S ISLAND
SNYDER

THE FRANKLIN SEARCH EXPEDITION—WINTER-QUARTERS IN HUDSON BAY.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. W. KLUTSCHAK.—[SEE PAGE 765.]

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE.

ALONZO B. CORNELL, the Republican candidate for Governor of this State, was born at Ithaca, New York, January 22, 1832, and is consequently in his forty-eighth year. He is the son of Hon. EZRA CORNELL, one of the originators of the vast telegraph system of this country, and the founder of the University that bears his name. Young CORNELL received his early education at the Ithaca Academy, but as his father was a poor man, he was obliged to go to work for himself when but fifteen years old. EZRA CORNELL was then building a telegraph line along the Erie Railway—one of the first long lines constructed in this country. He associated his son with him in this work, and both labored with their hired men in cutting telegraph poles in the woods. After the completion of the line young ALONZO entered the service of the telegraph company, and became a practical operator. He was employed successively at Troy, Montreal, and Buffalo until 1848, when he became manager of the office at Cleveland, Ohio, where he remained several years. In that position Mr. CORNELL had charge of the Western lines of the company and of the organization of new lines. All these lines were finally consolidated by the Western Union Company. From 1855 to 1858 he was manager of the principal office in New York. In 1862–63 he was proprietor of a line of steamers on Cayuga Lake. From 1862 to 1869 he was Cashier and Vice-President of the First National Bank of Ithaca, of which institution he has been a Director since its organization. He is a Trustee of the Cornell Library and of the Cornell University, and a Director of the Western Union Telegraph Company. In November, 1852, he was married to ELLEN, daughter of GEORGE COVERT, of Ithaca, an accomplished and estimable lady.

Mr. CORNELL's first political office was that of Chairman of his County Committee, which he held from 1859 to 1866. In the latter year he became a member of the State Committee. In 1868 he was the Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, but the notorious Democratic frauds of that year defeated him and his associates. In 1869 President GRANT appointed him Surveyor of the Port of New York. In this position he remained until 1872, when he was elected a member of the State Assembly from the Eleventh District. In 1870 he was offered the Assistant Treasurership of the United States in this city, but he declined. The same year he was made Chairman of the Republican State Committee. In January, 1873, he was elected Speaker of the Assembly. At the conclusion of his term of service in Albany Mr. CORNELL again entered into business relations with the Western Union Telegraph Company, and in 1876 he was elected its Vice-President. The next year he was appointed Naval Officer of this port, in which position he remained until July, 1878, when he was removed by President HAYES.



ALONZO B. CORNELL, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

THE FRANKLIN SEARCH.

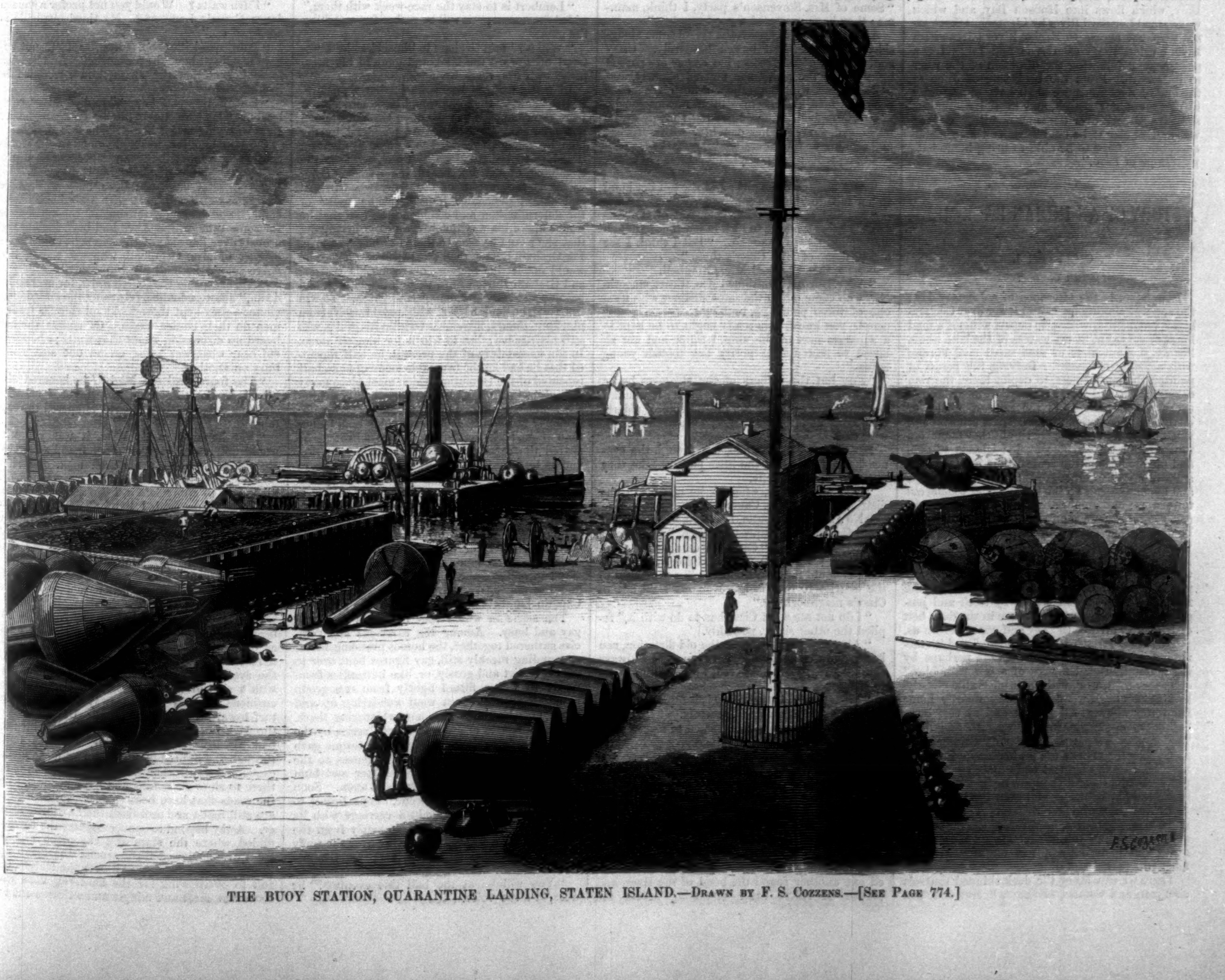
FIFTEEN months ago the little schooner *Eothen* sailed from New York for the arctic regions on a voyage of discovery touching the fate of the lamented Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, whose mysterious disappearance amid the frozen regions of the North has been the cause of so much public and private sorrow. On the 8th of August, 1878, the vessel reached Hudson Bay in safety, and there landed the search party just south of Whale Point. From the artist who made the drawings on page 764 we have received the following highly interesting descriptive letter, which is dated March 1, 1879:

"In another month or so we shall begin our journey to King William Land. We have waited thus long in order that we might become acclimated and inured to the hardships of exploring in the far North.

"Two of my sketches show the place of landing, which is called Camp Daly, after the well-known President of the Geographical Society of New York, who has done so much for the expedition. The point where the artist was posted, which we call Observatory Hill, affords a view of the surrounding country for many miles. Looking toward the east, one may see on the horizon the faint outlines of Cape Fullerton, while Dépôt Island is only partly visible in the sketch. At the foot of the hill are encamped our party, together with several natives of the Iwillie tribe, who have volunteered to assist us to the best of their ability in our work in the spring. The whole country inland abounds with rocky hills, and the rugged landscape is intersected by innumerable lakes and seas. While Lieutenant SCHWATKA and the writer made it their duty to explore the surrounding country as thoroughly as possible from Cape Fullerton to Marble Island, the others spent the summer and autumn months in a simple tent. As far as the sea-coast is concerned, we have succeeded in obtaining a pretty accurate map, which may be useful to whale-fishers. One of the sketches represents our winter-quarters at Camp Daly. During the last days of October the thermometer fell thirty-four degrees in twenty-four hours, which made our tent no longer inhabitable. We were obliged to build a shelter of ice and sailcloth, which we covered with snow, as this was both plentiful and sufficiently hard. In this hut we are living quite cozily, in Esquimaux fashion, and have no reason to complain, although we have barely got coal-oil enough to cook our meals, and only train-oil lamps for keeping ourselves warm.

"In January we went to Marble Island (lat. 62° 33′ N., long. 91° 06′ W.) to visit the ships lying at anchor there for the winter, and to deliver the letters which we desired to send to those at home. The ships wintering in Hudson Bay generally lie at anchor in Marble Island to the end of May or beginning of June, when they set sail and continue their fishery. This year the fleet consists of the schooner *Eothen*, of New York, and the brigs *Isabella*, *Abbott Lawrence*, and *Abbie Bradford*, of New Bedford.

"The Esquimaux, who, like ourselves, come here to visit and also to barter goods, have built their snow-huts near the ships, and are very useful to the seamen in catching fish. Scurvy in a dangerous form makes its appearance here every year, and often proves fatal. A cliff near the harbor bears the name of Deadman's Island. Here are the graves of the whale-fishers. I shall here give their names, and explain the picture in a



THE BUOY STATION, QUARANTINE LANDING, STATEN ISLAND.—DRAWN BY F. S. COZZENS.—[SEE PAGE 774.]

few words. On Marble Island itself there are countless graves. The first burial on Deadman's Island was in 1864. The name of the individual was McMarshall. This is all that the faded inscription says. A great addition was made to the cemetery in the winter of 1872–73 through the stranding of the barks *Ansel Gibbs* and *Orry Tafft*, of New Bedford. The last-named vessel, the wreck of which is still visible in the background of the harbor, had on board fifty persons. At high tide the water flooded the hold. Scurvy, partly brought on by the dampness, made its appearance, and thirteen men fell victims to this disease during the winter months, while almost the entire crew were down sick. The monument in the centre is erected to them. The names are as follows: From the bark *Ansel Gibbs*—Anthony E. P. Ender, L. de Valle, C. Stiles, C. Sincer, M. Ems, M. McConell, and M. Luis. From the bark *Orry Tafft*—T. Marshall, T. Garlety, F. Coleman, and F. Graham. One tombstone bears the inscription: 'Harry B. Martin, died Jan. 28, 1873, aged 38 years 9 months, second mate of schooner *A. Bradford*.' On the cross near by we read, 'Daniel O'Conell, died of consumption, Dec. 24, 1876, Bk *A. Houghton*.' The monument at the right bears on one side the inscription: 'Memory of Herman Brown, drowned at Marble Island, Oct. 14, 1874;' on the other side: 'Erected to the memory of the larboard boat's crew of the schooner *Abbie Bradford*, lost in the Ross Welcome, Sept. 5, 1874—W. F. Robeson, mate, W. F. Burnham, harpunier, T. Randall, G. Wade, F. Dale, A. K. Sigman.'

"There are many lonely spots where seamen and soldiers find their last resting-place, but surely few lonelier or sadder than this. The rocks prevent digging a grave, and a cold stone hill, covered with snow and ice the greater part of the year, is the resting-place of many a young man whose parents and friends at home vainly await his return.

"Our party is composed of Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, U. S. A., commander; William Gilder, of the New York *Herald;* Henry W. Klutschak, from Prague, Austria; Frank Melmo, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Joe Eberling (Esquimau Joe), from Groton, Connecticut; Netchilly Joe and family; Gerry (a member of the Iwillie tribe) and family; and Tuluha (of the Iwillie tribe) and family.

"The equipage consists of four sleighs and forty-five to fifty dogs. All the members are in excellent health, and look forward with pleasant anticipations to suitable weather for starting. Ever since our stay here we have made every possible effort to obtain news of the lost expedition, and are fully resolved to solve the mystery, or else to give our friends in New York positive assurance that further efforts in the future would be useless, and that only time or chance can reveal the mystery. The line of march as now decided upon is this: To follow in a northwest direction a river, about twelve miles from Camp Daly, which flows into Hudson Bay, and which was named Lorillard River by Lieutenant Schwatka, then cut across to Backs River (Great Fish River), using the frozen seas and lakes for a passage, and following the direction of the river to its mouth. From the beginning of June to the end of September we shall have opportunity to carry out our search, and in the winter we shall travel back over the snow and ice. So long we shall, of course, be cut off from all correspondence, but we hope to be able to bring home happy tidings in 1880."

A STORY OF AN INDIAN RACE-MEET.

CHAPTER I.

THE COURSE.

It was late in the afternoon of a January day; the sun was sinking lower and lower over Cuchuahigar, but, as if unwilling to depart without a final burst of splendor, lit the waters of the lake which lies on the outskirts of that small civil station with dazzling brilliancy. Defying the pencil of painter, the pen of poet, to depict them, the rich colors mingle and glow: above, they melt through every rainbow hue, from the faintest shades of opal, blue, and green, to the deepest crimson and violet; below, in the sheeny ripple, they fade from the crimson to the blue again; islands of gold and purple float in the sea of light, and across it a dark low-lying belt of land stretches, immovable and unchanging. To the left the land widens out toward us; and among the rich Indian foliage we can see large palace-like buildings or low white bungalows surrounded by bright flower gardens which reach here and there to the water's edge. Behind us lies Cuchuahigar; and stretching from the shores of the lake on our right is a large expanse of unshaded turfy ground, bounded on the farther side from the waters by trees and jungles, and merging in the distance in the dark belt of land that divides the sky and water before us.

This turfy stretch is "the Course," and its monotony is at present unbroken, save perhaps by the dusky half-clad figures of a few "dhobies," or washer-men, who, with their miserable ghastly-looking donkeys, wend their way wearily home from the water. All is still and at rest here, bathed in a sleepy glow of warmth and light. The lipping waters murmur softly among the reeds near the shore; the branches of a few trees near, bent by the lightest of breezes, stoop softly to kiss their graceful shadows in the waters; no harsh sound reaches us, and even the hum of the bazar has a soothing influence. The far-away murmur is suggestive, however, of the bustle and stir going on in the streets behind us, and our fancy can picture them not unpleasantly, safe from this racket and din.

There we can fancy the dark-skinned sparsely clad men and women, who move in crowds to and fro, bargaining and chattering with those they meet, or with those who sit cross-legged in open booths behind their outspread wares. We can picture the young women, carrying on their heads baskets or earthen vessels filled with water or native food, their bright black eyes glancing swiftly to right or left beneath the well-balanced burden as they move erect and firm along; or old filthy-looking hags, with wizened faces and indifferent gaze, who sit, with their knees huddled up to their chins, smoking their hookahs with calm stolidity; and here and there perhaps more richly clad natives, who strut with pompous Pharisaical air among the throng. Creaking native carts, drawn by dull heavy-eyed bullocks, are jostled unceremoniously about; jangling springless vehicles hurry recklessly along; but, above all and through all, little naked miserable children squeal and creep and squat about, regardless alike of the feet of man or beast.

From our quiet retreat we can see the water-carriers, characteristic of the hour, come to the bend of the lake, where the river that flows through it issues forth again, fill their unwieldy-looking bags, and trot away to sprinkle their refreshing burden on the hot dusty roads; and louder and louder, as the sun sinks lower, drowning the hum of voices, there comes from the bazars the sound of jangling bells and creaking wheels, for the offices are closing for the day, and the natives in their noisy vehicles are streaming homeward.

Gradually the sharper sound of horses' hoofs, and the even rumbling of well-oiled wheels, like the tones of some low clear music, can be distinguished among the confusion of harsher notes; and carriages, breaking on the stillness, curve round the bend of the river, and sweep along by the shores of the lake.

In one of the first of these carriages sit two elderly ladies and a young girl.

"Dear me!" ejaculates the elder and stouter of the two who recline luxuriously in the back seat of the carriage; "I told you, Emily, that the clocks could not be right: see how high the sun still is."

"Ah, well, what does it matter?" answers the other, listlessly; "and there are some others and our own party here, at any rate."

"Yes, there are a few," rejoins the first speaker. "The Course will be lively to-night, I dare say. They say there are a great many in for this meet."

The carriages swept on by the shore of the lake; then, turning across the turf, returned by another way near to the entrance of the Course again. As that in which the three ladies sat passed by on a second tour, a party of riders issued from the road and came swiftly toward it.

"I hear riders coming, surely; who are they, Cissy?" queried Mrs. Campbell, mother of the young girl who sat facing her, and sister of the third occupant of the carriage, Mrs. Ricart.

Cissy Campbell leaned lightly forward, and, glancing at the new-comers, answered, softly: "Some of Mrs. Stevenson's party, I think, mamma; they have mustered a good number."

Almost as the girl spoke, the riders came alongside. Mrs. Campbell bowed haughtily. Cissy smiled, and nodded freely; but as her eye passed lightly over the party, she started slightly, and bowed again, whilst a crimson flush rose over neck and face, and her eyes lit up unconsciously.

Mrs. Campbell, a languid-looking, showily dressed woman, surveyed her daughter with surprise, and looking at the riders again, remarked, somewhat pointedly: "Captain Lambert was not there, Cissy, was he?"

"No," answered the girl; and she put her hand to her face to hide her confusion.

"No, no," said the other occupant of the carriage, a sneer seeming to lurk in her tones, though she smiled sweetly enough. "But I think I see an old flame of Miss Cissy's there."

"Who, then?" asked Mrs. Campbell.

"A Mr. Burton," continued Mrs. Ricart, smoothly, "who came out in the same steamer with us—one of these penniless, nothing-to-live-on young people, you know, who really ought to be kept in a separate part of the ship, I think, and not allowed to mix among pretty but foolish young ladies."

"Pity but the owners of the steamers had a hint, and kept a cage apart for them; it would, I am sure, cause quite a run on the ship of elderly chaperons and their charges," remarked Cissy, with curling lip.

Mrs. Ricart smiled again, but though the eyes nearly disappeared in the little puffy cheeks, they did *not* twinkle merrily.

"And Mr. Burton, where is he now? In the district?" asked Mrs. Campbell, after a pause.

"No; lives in Calcutta, I believe, where he gets some few hundred rupees a month," Mrs. Ricart replied, spitefully. "Can't live on a pittance like that there; will take fever and die, or go home soon, I should fancy. I hope he is not coming to the district to recruit, however—at least not to Cissy's neighborhood."

"I do not see what Cissy has to do with it," replied the other sister, pettishly.

"Ah, she might strike up the old flirtation, you know, and that spoils a girl's chances so, I always think," Mrs. Ricart answered, with seeming carelessness.

"Flirtation! I trust Cissy is incapable of such a thing," said her mother, severely.

"I should certainly be ashamed of myself were I guilty of it," put in Cissy, boldly.

"Yes, it is a most unladylike proceeding, and were I to imagine your encouragement of Captain Lambert meant nothing more, I should indeed be angry," spoke Mrs. Campbell, as she glanced scarce lovingly at the girl.

Cissy's face flushed with vexation; she bit her lip, but did not answer, and the subject was dropped.

Meanwhile, vehicles of all descriptions followed one another round the bend of the river, and parties of riders came streaming across the ground, making the scene in a single hour as lively as it had before been desolate and deserted. Gradually then the gay throng drew to one spot near the side of the lake where a native band began to play, and where they congregated to gossip and enjoy the music. The turfy stretch was again deserted, save where a rider careered alone across the turf, perhaps, or a carriage, probably filled with natives, would sweep round the drive a while, and slip unnoticed away: only in this one spot was there life and laughter.

Near the carriage in which Cissy Campbell sat, a knot of gentlemen stood conversing.

"That Campbell girl is the prettiest of the new importations this year: don't you think so, Bryant?" asked one—Mr. Stevenson.

"I like that dreamy face of hers," answered the man addressed. "The most of the girls about here have so much nonsense and affectation about them. Miss Campbell's looks a genuine, steady, English face, and I always admire expression more than mere features."

"There is an affectation that savors of high-flown nonsense too, you know," said Mr. Stevenson, with a careless laugh. "I confess I never can get much out of Miss Cissy; but my wife thinks of her as only a little below the angels. Burton, you came out with her: what did you think of her, eh?"

Graham Burton had been regarding Cissy as his companions spoke. She was sitting with her face turned toward the sky, where the setting sun had left faint streaks of opal and amber, and a quiet sweet look rested on her face: the face was pale, the features delicate; but the lips were pale and firm, the eyes deep and gentle. His face softened as he looked at her, and after a moment's hesitation answered: "I think she is what she looks, gentle and true, but shy and reserved; that old dragon, Mrs. Ricart, was so vigilant, however, one really could not get to know her well."

"Ah, the aunt is a perfect Gorgon," interrupted Mr. Stevenson. "She brings out her lambs every second year to the slaughter: that is number three getting into the carriage. She looks more snake-like than ever in that clinging habit, and is a sneak like the rest, no doubt."

"Looks it," said another of the group. "You bet Mother Ricart sets her at Lambert."

"Never a bit," replied Stevenson. "Miss Cissy is to get the Chevalier Lambert. Mrs. Ricart daren't interfere; Mrs. Campbell is too much of a rich sister for that."

"Well, perhaps not by fair means," said the other, shrugging his shoulders carelessly; "but I would not mind taking two to one that if Alice Ricart can catch Lambert, she will. The sides are not equal, you see: it's mother and daughter against the other mother. Miss Campbell is evidently neutral, though maybe it is most telling; soft, too, of a girl, if she is indifferent, to let herself be disposed of so passively." And the speaker moved off to another group, while Graham Burton looked rather savagely after him.

"Lambert is to stay the race-week with them," added Stevenson; "it will be rather fun watching the game."

"Will it?" said Graham to himself, as he sauntered off toward the lake, and gnawed his mustache with true English vigor.

In truth, matters had gone further than Mrs. Ricart knew, or than one would have conjectured from the composed way in which Graham Burton had answered his friend. As he stood by the lake, his thoughts reverted to a moon-lit night on board, when he had stood by Cissy, had seen the trembling of her lip, heard the tremor of her voice, as they spoke of the morrow's parting; and almost persuaded himself, as he spoke of the determination and confidence he had that he would make his way quickly, and see her again, that she would be true to their unwhispered love. For Graham Burton then was proud and poor, and would not let his feelings overcome his reason; and Graham Burton now, though proud still, had become suddenly and unexpectedly rich. To win the fruit he had before withheld himself from plucking, though it trembled within his grasp, was still his resolve; but to win it for himself alone. In the uncertainty of the present, he half repented that he had let the favorable moment pass, half repented of the resolution which must place many difficulties in his way; but, smiling quietly to himself again, he muttered firmly to himself: "No, no; if money is to do it, I had rather his bought her than mine." Nevertheless his heart beat as he neared the carriage where Cissy Campbell sat; and as he pressed her hand, and stood by her in the fading light, something very like love gleamed in the eyes of both, and Graham was very happy as he watched the girl's sweet face flush and pale beneath his glance.

She introduced him to her mother, whose bow was the chilliest of the chill, and Mrs. Ricart's manner was no less freezing; yet he kept his stand in spite of the cold looks directed at him, and the officiously warm welcome accorded to Captain Lambert and others who came near.

The scene in which they formed a part was gay and busy. Among the carriages and vehicles gathered together, the horses prancing about, or standing meekly still, gay figures bent over to chat and flirt and gossip, or, like butterflies from flower to flower, flitted lightly from one group to another; while men went wandering up and down, now laughing here, now whispering there. The dark figures of syces in fancy liveries by the horses' heads, or ayahs in their picturesque garb carrying children about, lent strangeness to the scene; and above the merry laughter and hum of voices music swelled out ever and anon. Soon darkness crept over the scene, lamps began to twinkle, and now and again a carriage with its pair of glowing eyes would issue softly from the crowd, and wend its way smoothly over the turfy ground to the bend of the river; yet Graham Burton kept his stand.

"You will be at the ball this evening?" he asks, in a low voice.

"Of course, Mr. Burton. I wonder if it will be a nice one."

"To me, yes, if you are there. Are you engaged for the first waltz?"

"Yes; I am so sorry."

"The second?"

"Yes."

"Gone too; then which may I have?"

"Shall we say the fourth? It is my first vacant dance."

"An unlucky number; but never mind. You won't forget?"

"I shall be sure to remember," answered Cissy, softly; and a few minutes later her companion had pressed her hand again, and sauntered off, whistling gayly.

Captain Lambert took the vacant place at Cissy's elbow. The son of a wealthy proprietor in the district, with a good income at his own disposal, he had taken a trip out to India to see the country, and give a look to his father's interests in passing. An insipid well-featured face, tall figure, and simpering manner were his chief characteristics; but, one of the most eligible *partis* in the neighborhood, he had been made much of, and believed unhesitatingly in the superior merits which so many graciously attributed to him.

Graham Burton watched him for a moment.

"She does not care for *him*, anyhow," he muttered confidently to himself, as, by the light of a passing lamp, he saw unquestionable indifference to the gallant captain's power of making himself agreeable revealed on Cissy's face; and vaulting lightly on his horse, he took a sharp canter across the grass, then pulling up to an easy trot, went meditating home.

"Ha, and what dance am I to be honored with this auspicious evening?" Captain Lambert had asked, whilst caressing a carefully reared mustache.

"I think we are already engaged for the second waltz," Cissy answered, stiffly.

"Oh yes; but you can afford more than one to *me*," continued the captain, insinuatingly.

"Cissy will, I am sure, be delighted to dance as many as you like, Captain Lambert," Mrs. Campbell remarked, smiling sweetly.

"Then the fourth, Miss Campbell, if *you* please."

"Sorry I am engaged," she said, shortly.

"To whom?" asked her mother, frowning.

"To Mr. Burton," replied the girl, coloring; disdaining, yet feeling much inclined, to evade the question.

"Mr. Burton can, I think, be easily disposed of. It is rather presuming in these young men to push themselves forward so early in the evening," said Mrs. Campbell, angrily.

"Oh, I should not dream of disappointing Mr. Burton. Burton—who is he? Haven't heard the name before. What a bore it must be to dance with these young apes! Yes, very presuming, shockingly so; but perhaps you'll give me the *fifth*, Miss Campbell?"

"Fifth waltz? Would you not prefer a square dance, Captain Lambert? My third quadrille is not filled up."

"Third quadrille—oh, certainly; I am not engaged. May I have the pleasure?" And he tried to look sentimentally sweet, and succeeded in looking simply idiotic.

"I shall be most happy," replied Cissy, carelessly. "Had we not better be going, mamma? I am wearying to get home?" she added.

Captain Lambert never dreamed of the words containing a hint; the idea would have been preposterous. Mrs. Campbell simply frowned.

"And what have you been busy with, Alice dear?" asked Mrs. Ricart, with a would-be tender smile. She had been sitting in solemn silence for some time, whilst Alice had been flirting vigorously over her side of the carriage, much to the disgust of Mrs. Campbell, who sat facing her. "Are *your* dances all filled up also?"

"All, excepting the fourth waltz, for ever so far down," answered Alice, returning the affectionate glance—they kept these looks on view, as tradesmen do their choice wares. Of course she had heard no discussion about that waltz; she never did hear what was going on on one side whilst busy on another.

"The fourth waltz! Might *I* be honored with it? I do not think you have favored me with one single dance, Miss Ricart," simpered the captain.

"Not honored *you!* Why, it was you who would not honor *me*, you cruel man," answered Miss Ricart, with a lively arch look. "I shall be most delighted; thank you very much. I know how to appreciate it, I can assure you; you are in such demand, I know;" and she cast a swift coquettish glance at him, and turned away.

"So the despised dance has been disposed of, after all," cooed Mrs. Ricart. If they *did* wish to put Captain Lambert out of conceit with Cissy's manner, it could scarcely be detected, could it, under the garb of the affectionate aunt and cousin, who welcomed him for the dear girl's sake?

As they conversed, the throng of carriages had been gradually thinning, and but few were left as Cissy at last heard the welcome order given to return home. The driver gathered up his reins, the syces jumped to their perches behind, and with a sigh of relief she sank back among the cushions, as they bowled away softly over the turf toward the lamp-lit bazars. Unconscious of the dark faces and strange sights with which she had already become familiar, she was borne through the lighted streets, the bazars, so picturesque and weird when the glare of the sun is not there to show their filth and wretchedness, when the roads that have been so dusty, so baking hot, are still moist and cool from their artificial shower. Away beyond to opener country the carriage glided, where the stars and the moon and the trees overshadowed them, among the camp and the bungalows dispersed all over the station, and full to overflowing for the next few days with those who meet and mingle and welcome one another for a short time, united by the common bond that they are strangers in a strange land.

And the turfy stretch they have left behind becomes once more desolate and bare; the last of the stragglers leaves it; the moon rises softly over it; the stars shimmer down into the lake; the light winds ripple the silvery surface of the waters. Save the sound of the whispering reeds, not a murmur is heard, not a trace of life is left, not an echo is heard of the merry voices that filled the air with laughter but a short while before.

The carriage which contained Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Ricart, and their daughters turned finally into the compound of a large bungalow, where several tents and a large semiana (or open tent, furnished like a room, but with no walls) were pitched. Here dusky figures with lights would be seen gliding about, and in the semiana several ladies and gentlemen were already seated, chatting and laughing, or refreshing themselves with cool drinks. Others followed in carriages or on horseback, guests who like themselves had been riding or driving on the course, and now discussed the neighbors they had met, or their own affairs, till it was time to dress for their late dinner, and the ball which was to take place that evening. By ones and twos they soon slipped away again, the gentlemen to the tents which had been provided for their riding or sleeping accommodation, the ladies to the accommodation afforded by the bungalow.

Let us follow the two cousins as they retired to the room which they were to share together, where their native women already awaited them, and ball dresses had been spread out on their beds ready. Cissy submitted herself at once to the hands of her ayah; Alice flitted about restlessly a while, and chatted unceasingly as she pulled out ribbons and flowers to try which would best suit her olive complexion; ever and anon caressing and fawning on her cousin—a proceeding she would still have persisted in had she even known how the recipient shrank from it. The two girls are a great contrast as we see them together by the bright light of the wall lamps. Cissy is tall and calm and stately; Alice slight, short, and lively. The lips of the one are full, sweet, and firm; those of the other thin and tight, the short upper lip continually parting over pearly white teeth. Neither has much color, but Cissy's complexion is delicately tinted and pale, whilst Alice's is a clear olive, beneath which the crimson glows often warmly. The one wears her hair in golden-brown twists about the crown of her head, the other in an intricate mass of soft, silky braids. Alice's eyes are sharp and near—glowing black eyes that sparkle bewitchingly and confuse one often; Cissy's, a soft violet blue, with a calm, tranquil look in their depths. Both are beauties in their way.

"Ah, you are going to wear white to-night, Cissy; you always look so well in white; and these frosted flowers are beautiful. Now *I* need more color. Should I wear scarlet or maize flowers, do you think?" said Alice.

"Maize to-night, with that black net; at least if you do not lose your color, as you so often do," answered her cousin. "But you can easily change the flowers after dinner, if you do need something brighter."

Now chatting quietly, now continuing silently, the two girls had almost completed their toilet, when a knock was heard at the door. "Come in!" they called.

A native woman, in her picturesque garb, lifted the curtain before the door, and entered. Gleaming black eyes and ivory teeth lit up the dark face, which glowed beneath the graceful white cheddar which native women wear as she salamed profoundly to one cousin, then to the other.

"What is it, Mahajunia?" asked Alice. "Does mamma want me?"

"The Maam Sahib sends her salams to the Mus Baba, and wishes to speak to her," answered the woman, in Hindoostanee.

"All right; tell her I'll come," replied Alice, in the same language; and taking the rest of her flowers, etc., in her hand, she stepped out by an open window into the veranda, and walking along nearly the whole length of the house, tapped at another window, and entered her mother's room.

"What is it, mamma? Do you want your flowers fixed? These stupid native women can do nothing right," she said.

"No, no, Alice dear," answered Mrs. Ricart. "The mail letters have just come in from the factory, and there is one this week from your aunt Jane."

"Ha! and what has she to say to it? Recommends scales and calisthenics, combined with as speedy and brilliant a marriage as circumstances will allow, I suppose."

"Well, well; but my letter has something really important in it."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; listen. Hem! Where is it?" muttered Mrs. Ricart, running her fingers over several closely written pages. "Jane does write such a lot of twaddle, to be sure! Ah, here! 'By-the-bye, did you meet a young fellow—Burton—on board? Mrs. Somerville has a lady from the country visiting her who knows a lad of that name who went out to a situation in Calcutta by your steamer. He has just come in for a fine estate, and no end of money, from the grumpy old granduncle who sent him out, and with whom, it seems, he was a favorite, though he never guessed it. I don't suppose you would dream of cultivating his acquaintance on board; but we were just thinking what a grand chance it might have been for Alice and Cissy, and that you might encourage any opportunity of meeting him again. You can give my news this mail to Emily,' etc."

Mrs. Ricart had been lying luxuriously back in a low chair as she read; she folded her letter in silence. Alice's face had become more and more surprised; at the end she elevated her eyebrows, and whistled softly.

"Alice, I wish you would not do that; it is so unladylike," said the mother, reproachfully.

"Ah, bosh! But Burton will be a fine catch."

"Yes; much better than Lambert."

"Then I am to give up all idea of the one, and try the other, eh? Is that the little game?"

"Don't speak so vulgarly, Alice. You understand that your aunt wishes Cissy to encourage Captain Lambert, and that Mr. Burton would be an excellent *parti*. You have your own way to make in the world, as your aunt and I had; and you know what a stupid choice I made (not but what your father seemed well enough off at one time); and, on the contrary, you see what an excellent position your aunt enjoys, with plenty of money, and as the wife of a judge. I should advise you to make yourself agreeable to Mr. Burton, and leave Cissy to the man her mother wishes her to marry."

"And which she doesn't," said Alice, bluntly.

"Absurdity! She's very insipid, and won't care."

"Still waters run deep, you know."

"Fiddlesticks! Don't be sentimental. *Do* you mean to let the chance slip?"

"No, not I. I dare say you'll help me."

"Of course, with pleasure. I am glad to see you so sensible. In the first place, you must make yourself look nice. You do look rather well to-night; but you want something brighter in your hair."

"I should not object to your opal *aigrette*," said Alice, coolly.

"Well, then, you must take care of it;" and to Alice's astonishment, the jewel was willingly produced and fastened in her hair, where the weird lights shimmered beautifully.

"Yes, you'll do," said her mother, approvingly. "Is not that Cissy's voice in the drawing-room?"

"Yes; and the great Lambert is sure to join her. I suppose I need not go in, eh?"

"No," said Mrs. Ricart, with answering smile. "We will go into Emily's room a little, and tell her some of Jane's news—only forget the letter. She can see it some other day, you know."

Alice shrugged her shoulders callously, and followed her mother.

Meanwhile Cissy had glided into the drawing-room in a soft cloud of white, her eyes deep and mellow, her cheeks glowing, and a glad tremor away deep down beneath the serene exterior. When the gallant captain joined her and requested a song, in the little interval before dinner, she had poured the words out with full expression, glad to be free from talking to him, and to relieve the mutterings of her heart in music. Captain Lambert was still standing behind her with a simpering smile, congratulating himself on the rich voice and handsome figure of his future bride, when the guests began to flock in, all dressed for the evening's amusement.

CHAPTER II.

THE BALL.

Lalseria, the residence of the Raj of Cuchuahigar, who permitted a part of his palace to be thrown open for the convenience of those who wished to get up dances in the station, was alive with life and light as Mrs. Campbell and her party entered. She swept into the ball-room on her husband's arm, who led Cissy, pure and white as a stately snowy lily, on the other.

A large room stretching across the end of the building, and surrounded on three sides by a veranda, was the chief apartment used on such occasions as the present. Bright candelabra blazing with light were suspended from a gorgeous arched roof, and mirrors and doors alternated all round the room. In the centre stood two large pillars, dividing the area into two equal parts; the nearer half was softly carpeted, and furnished luxuriously with low couches and chairs; but beyond the pillars the floor was waxed and shining, unencumbered by couch or other article of furniture which might impede the progress of the dancers. The veranda, to which doors led on all sides, was curtained in to the right and beyond, and used partly as a supper-room, partly for the musicians; but in front of the building it was free and open, and here *tête-à-tête* and flirtations were carried on, and heated dancers retired for a breath of the cool night air.

The first dance was almost over as Cissy arrived; but her partner soon appeared to claim her for what remained of it. Round the room she glided gracefully and calmly, but ever and anon the golden-brown lashes were lifted, and the violet eyes gazed quietly over her partner's shoulder, seeking for a face that would not be banished from her mind. At last a sweet smile of recognition parted her lips, and as a faint tinge of color mounted to the snowy brow, Graham Burton's heart beat gladly, and the blood flowed swifter through his veins.

Mrs. Campbell and her sister were sitting side by side; Alice was busy dancing.

"There is that young fellow Burton, Emily," said Mrs. Ricart. "Do you know, I think you should be careful about dear Cissy; she has a decided liking for the young fellow. I did not say much on the Course this evening, for you know open opposition only makes a girl more obstinate; but I am vexed to see that he should have followed her from Calcutta. I was quite anxious, I can assure you, on board."

"What nonsense, Ann! Cissy would never be such a fool."

"Hem! you think so; but you will see your mistake yet. You see she refused Captain Lambert the fourth waltz because of him."

"Yes. I was so angry, I felt inclined to forbid her dancing with Mr. Burton at all."

"That would be a mistake, dear; believe me, she will think the more of him, if you oppose her."

"But what can one do?" asked Mrs. Campbell, peevishly.

"Ah, a great many things can be managed quite quietly, Emily; for instance, you, who so often have fainting fits, might fancy yourself ill at the time she wanted to dance with him, and call her away."

"Well, but she would only dance with him again."

"Ah, but then supposing I took the trouble to make him believe that she avoided him purposely, and were to get Alice to flirt with him, and make Cissy jealous. Then if we could keep up the misunderstanding, the thing would soon be knocked on the head. Indeed, I would seem to encourage him to the house, and be kind to him; and the more Alice and he are together, the more Cissy is likely to encourage Captain Lambert."

"But would Alice take the trouble?" asked Mrs. Campbell, dubiously. "And you yourself? I am such a poor hand at anything diplomatic; and Alice is fond of her own way."

"Ah, Emily, you misjudge poor Alice," answered Mrs. Ricart, deprecatingly. "She is devoted to dear Cissy, and I am sure it would be very little return on our part for all your kindness to us."

"Oh, pray do not speak of that," replied Mrs. Campbell, languidly. "I will leave the matter quite in your hands, then; don't forget to remind me at the right time."

"That I will not," responded Mrs. Ricart, emphatically. "Ah, here comes Captain Lambert."

Captain Lambert sauntered up to Mrs. Campbell's side.

"Miss Cissy has been busy dancing, I see," he remarked. "But here she comes."

"Yes, the next set is the Lancers. Are you going to dance?"

"No, I am not engaged for it."

"And you, Cissy dear?" she asked, as the girl sat down by her side.

"I was; but Mr. Stevenson has not come: his wife says he was lazy," replied Cissy.

"Then *do* sit down and rest, and don't fag yourself at the very beginning of the evening. There is room for you too, Captain Lambert; *pray* sit down."

Mrs. Ricart had moved away to meet her daughter. Graham Burton came up.

"Mr. Stevenson deputed me to ask this dance of you, Miss Campbell. May I have the pleasure?" he asked.

"Cissy is not going to dance this time; she and Captain Lambert intend to have a rest," said Mrs. Campbell, quietly and decidedly.

"Oh, I am sorry for that," said Burton, coldly; and the tears rose in Cissy's eyes as he drew himself up and walked away.

"Oh, I say, Lambert," called out a gentleman a few minutes later, "do just take a partner for this set of Lancers; we only need one couple to complete the set, and I can get no one. *Do*, there's a good fellow!"

"Miss Campbell, would you not break your resolution?" simpered the captain.

"Oh, do oblige us!" urged the stranger.

"No, thank you, Captain Lambert; I have just refused Mr. Burton."

"Refused Mr. Burton! What does that matter?" said Mrs. Campbell. "Dear me, Cissy, how very silly you are, to make such a fuss, and keep people waiting! If you are so particular, can you not explain it again? Go now, at once; don't make yourself conspicuous."

Cissy's face flushed. "I can explain it afterward at our waltz," she thought; and in the expediency of the moment she hesitated, faltered, and moved away.

Graham Burton stood near, watching. He did not hear the words, but the result sufficed him. Indignation swelled in his heart against her, as he saw Cissy gliding through the dance; and he determined not to go near her till the waltz came round which she had promised him, and then to let her explain her conduct or not as it pleased her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ODIN, THE WIZARD KING.

In a delightfully wild section of country not far from the quaint old town of Upsala, in Sweden, are hundreds of little sepulchral mounds, amid which three great tumuli, standing close together, are said to mark the graves of Odin, Thor, and Freya—heroes in their lifetime, gods in their death. Close beside them for centuries rose the temple which was the most sacred shrine of Scandinavian worship. It glittered all over with gold, and a golden chain, nine hundred ells in circumference, ran round its roof. In the temple were three statues, around which hovered all the principal mythological traditions of the North. The central figure was that of Odin, or Wodan, the wizard king, who is said to have come in the dawn of Swedish history from his domains of Asir, which extended from the Euxine to the Caspian, and whose capital was Asgard. He landed in Funen, where he founded Odense, and left his son Skjöld as a sovereign. Thence he passed into Sweden, and established his government at Sigtuna, not far from Upsala. His existence is affirmed by the Saxon Chronicle. He was called "the Father of Victory," for if he laid his hands on the heads of his generals, and predicted their success when they went out to battle, that success never failed them. He was also, says Snorro Sturlesen, "the father of all the arts of modern Europe." Tradition has endowed him with every miraculous power. He could change his looks at pleasure—to his friends most beautiful, but a demon to his enemies. By his eloquence he captivated all who heard him, and as he always spoke in verse, he was called "the Artificer of Song." His verses were endowed with such magic power that they could strike his enemies with blindness or deafness, or could blunt their weapons. To listen to the sweetness of his music even the ghosts would come forth, and the mountains would unfold their inmost recesses. He was the inventor of Runic characters. He could slaughter thousands at a blow, and he could render his own followers invulnerable. At his will he could assume the form of beasts; at his word the fire would cease to burn, the wind to blow, or the sea to rage. If he hurled his spear between two armies, it secured victory to those on whose side it fell. The dwarfs (Lapps) had built for him a ship called *Skidbladner*, in which he could cross the most dangerous seas with safety; but when he did not want to use it, he could fold it up like a handkerchief. Everything was known to Odin, for did he not possess the mummified head of his enemy Mimir, which was all-wise, and he had only to consult it? Yet, with all these gifts and attributes, Odin remained human; he had no power over death. When he felt his end approaching, he assembled all his friends and followers, and giving himself nine wounds in a circle, allowed himself to bleed to death. The body of the great chieftain was burned, and his ashes were buried under the mound of Upsala; but his spirit was believed to have gone back to the marvellous home in the Valhalla of Asgard, of which he had so often spoken, and whither he had always said that he should return. Henceforward it was considered that all blessings and mercies were gifts sent by Odin. The younger Edda tells that all who die in battle are Odin's adopted children. The Valkyriæ pick them out upon the battle-field, and conduct them to the Valhalla, where they have perpetual life in the halls of Odin. Their days are spent in hunting or the joys of imaginary combats, and they return at night to feast upon the inexhaustible flesh of the boar Sahrimnir, and to drink, out of horn cups, the mead formed from the milk of a single goat, which is strong enough nightly to intoxicate all the heroes. Huge logs constantly burn within the palace of Odin, for warmth is the Northern idea of heaven, while in their "hel" it is eternal winter. When a Scandinavian chieftain died in battle, not only were his war-horse and all his gold and silver placed upon his funeral pyre, but all his followers slew themselves, that he might enter the halls of Odin properly attended. The more glorious the chieftain, the greater the number who must accompany him to Valhalla. To rejoin Odin in Asgard became the height of a warrior's ambition. It is recorded of Ragnar Lodbrok that when he was dying no word of lamentation was heard from him; on the contrary, he was transported with joy as he thought of the feast preparing for him in Odin's palace. "Soon, soon," he exclaimed, "I shall be seated in the splendid habitation of the gods, and drinking mead out of carved horns! A brave man does not dread death, and I shall utter no word of fear as I enter the halls of Odin." But stranger than all the legends concerning Odin is the fact that his memory is still so far fresh that "Go to Odin" is yet used by the common people where an uncivil wish as to the lower regions would find expression in this country. The fourth day of the week still commemorates Odin, or Wodan—in old Norse, Odinsdgr; in Swedish and Danish, Onsdag; in English, Wednesday.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

He was a seedy individual, and his heels peeped out in nakedness from one or two spots in his shoes, while his pockets looked like crab nets. "I believe them stockings are clocked," said he, gazing hopefully at those articles. "Yes, but there's no tick in them," said the clerk, significantly; and he sadly meandered away.

"Every day brings its own trials," said the court clerk, as he wearily closed the docket and lighted his ultimate cigarette.

A Touching Incident—A physician feeling a patient's pulse.

Essays on the sun and moon come under the head of light literature.

Quite Time.—"Tom," said a girl to her sweetheart, "you have been paying your distresses to me long enough. It is time you made known your contentions, so as not to keep me in expense any longer."

A recent picnic was turned into a hollow mockery by every fellow remembering to bring a corkscrew, and depending on somebody else to furnish the bottle.

Our old friend Pickering says that he has known ladies in whom the instinct of decoration was so strong that if they were told they must be hanged in the presence of twenty thousand persons to-morrow, their first thought would be: "Oh dear! and I haven't a dress fit to be hung in!"

Women should always avoid exhibiting bad temper. None of them care to show their rage.

It is one of the curious things of the world that a male hair-dresser often dyes an old maid.

"They are trying a lot of *Pinafore* singers in there," said Smith to Jones, as they passed a building whence floated strains of "A maiden fair to see," etc. "Glad of it," returned the misanthropical Jones; "hope they'll give 'em sixty days and costs."

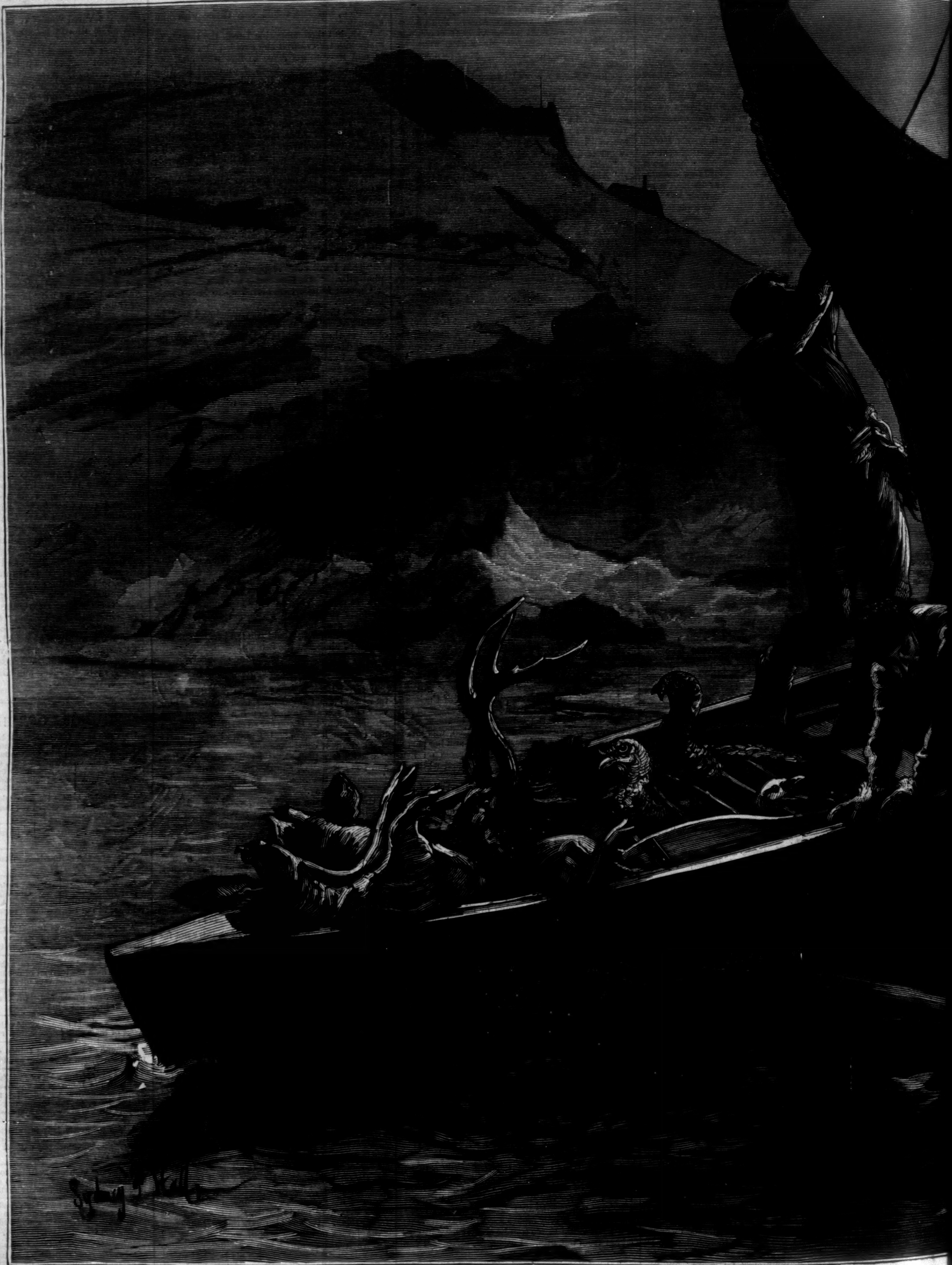
A Massachusetts lady is reported to have scolded her little boy for taking a drink of water at a hotel. "For," said she, "we pay a dollar for our dinner, and water is very filling."

The young man who, wishing to know the pronunciation of a word, was advised to consult authorities, interviewed the mayor, three aldermen, and the sheriff.

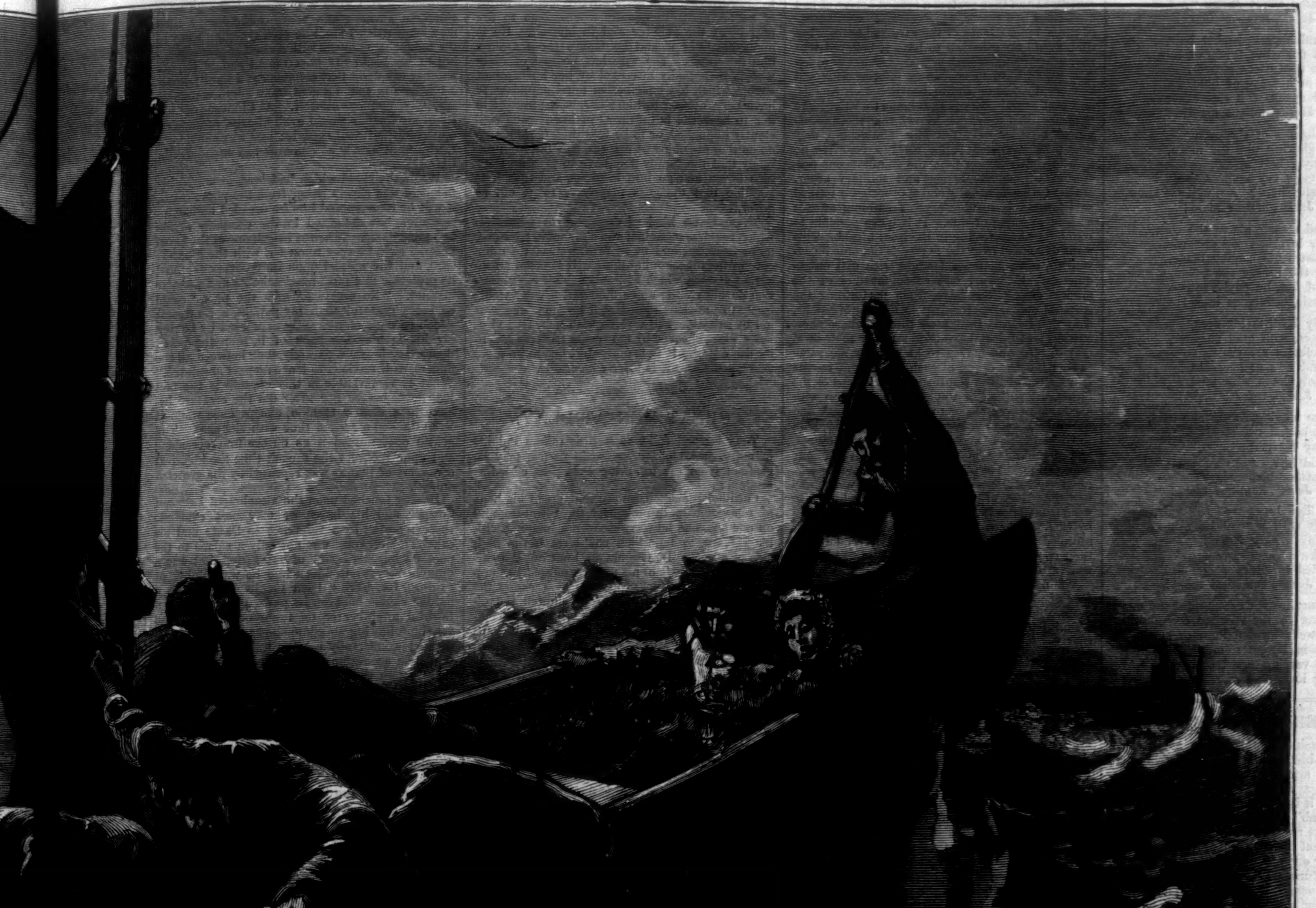
"To die, and have everybody read your coffin-plate!" cried a young lady who had been dangerously ill for some days. "It's too much!" and she incontinently had a good cry. She began to improve from that moment.

An exasperated politician who had been called upon to define his position once more than patience could endure, exclaimed: "Define my position? Never! If I define it, the next thing I'll be called upon to do will be to spell it."

At a legal investigation of a liquor seizure the judge asked an unwilling witness: "What was in the barrel that you had?" The reply was: "Well, your honor, it was marked 'Whiskey' on one end of the barrel and 'Pat Duffy' on the other end, so that I can't say whether it was whiskey or Pat Duffy was in the barrel, being as I am on my oath."



THE FIRST IN THE MARKET.—



ET.— N BY Sydney P. Hall.—[See Page 770.]

IN THE CORN FIELD.

THE south wind stirred the tasselled corn,
And brightly glowed the dew of morn
On every waving blade,
As through the fields, on pleasure bent,
With dainty step sweet Jessie went—
Sweet Jessie, loveliest maid!

The south wind blew upon her hair,
And tossed it from her forehead fair,
And in its tresses played;
Joy sparkled in her eye of blue,
And dyed her cheek with rosier hue—
Sweet Jessie, radiant maid!

Now in the shadow of the corn
Stood Jessie, glowing like the morn,
And shyly, half afraid,
Between the rows coy glances threw.
What sought she there? Ah, well *she* knew—
Sweet Jessie, artless maid!

For, brave and strong, above the corn,
She hears her lover's voice upborne,
And hears his ringing blade,
As far along the breezy rows,
With songs of her, he gayly goes—
Of Jessie, beauteous maid!

Then suddenly he lifts his eyes,
And Jessie sees, with glad surprise,
In loveliness arrayed.
A moment, and he's at her side,
And clasps her hands with tender pride—
Sweet Jessie, roseate maid!

"I heard thee singing, Will," she said,
Then quickly bowed her lovely head,
By rosy floods betrayed.
And what said he? Ah, who can guess?
But Jessie softly whispered, "Yes"—
Sweet Jessie, happiest maid!

With yellow floss he decked her hair,
And twined it with her tresses fair
In many a glossy braid,
Till Jessie, like a rural queen,
Stood garlanded in silken sheen—
Sweet Jessie, comeliest maid!

Ah, brave young hearts, how bright the morn
When, standing by the rustling corn,
Ye vowed, through light or shade,
In foulest as in fairest weather,
To hoe life's varying row together—
Strong lover and sweet maid!

NERVOUSNESS.

THERE are fashions in maladies, as in other things, and well-bred people should take care that they are never attacked by vulgar complaints. Death itself society always more or less resents as a mistake; but it is considered allowable in these days to "succumb" to typhoid fever, which is the only fatal disease recognized in polite circles. If, however, we are at liberty to die of this complaint, there is a minor one from which we may, without offense, suffer during life, and the title of this malady is "nervousness." We are old enough to remember the time when a nervous patient was always attended by a strong-minded satellite, calling himself a valet or travelling servant, but who was in reality a keeper from a private lunatic asylum. Now, however, every sentimental hypochondriac is said to suffer from nervousness. Whatever may be the matter with a man, from *ennui* to toothache, if he is in the least danger of a pill or the dentist's forceps, he avows himself to be the victim of nervousness. The treatment of nervous diseases has become a recognized specialty, and just as some doctors will tell you that you are suffering from gout, pulmonary affection, or Bright's disease, according to the ailment which it is their special province to cure, so will others, under precisely similar conditions, inform you that you are the victim of shattered nerves. Such practitioners have much to answer for. As it is a pity that certain people ever learned to write their names, so it is a still greater pity that certain others ever discovered that they possessed nerves.

Nervousness is one of the most anomalous of human attributes. The Duke of Wellington is reputed to have said in a paradoxical mood that he would prefer leading an army of cowards to any other, and it is doubtless true that men of extremely nervous temperament often display the most intrepid bravery on an emergency. It is quite conceivable that young and timid soldiers may be too much frightened to run away; and we are by no means convinced that there is no foundation of truth in the Irishism that people may be "too frightened to be afraid." It is possible for a human being to be so alarmed that he dare not think about danger, and, rather than pause for a moment to contemplate the perils which threaten him, will rush madly into action, if only to banish the thoughts which would appall him. Nervousness and courage frequently go hand in hand. A horse which will shy at a sparrow is often a bold hunter, and a woman who screams when a gun is fired will sometimes ride very hard with hounds. Those who are childishly nervous about paying a visit to the dentist will perhaps face a terrible operation, or even death itself, with comparative calmness; and we once knew a wonderfully fearless man who had a childish dread of meeting a funeral. Lord Byron, who was always prepared to accept challenges, and practiced for hours daily with his pistols, was a coward on horseback. To say that a man is nervous often simply means that he has an imaginative mind, which, under circumstances in which others feel no apprehension, sees dangers, conjures up every evil that could possibly happen, and is haunted by recollections of accidents that have occurred under similar conditions. Again, nervousness consists in an intensely susceptible state of the perceptive organs, and it is a curious paradox that in some things men are proud and in others ashamed of such a condition. Thus they are proud of being good judges of wine and cookery, which means nothing more than that their palates are nervous and delicate; they like to be considered connoisseurs of works of art, which implies that their optic nerves are highly sensitive; and they profess a refined horror of bad music and bad smells, which signifies excitability of the nervous tissues of the ears and nose. Yet they would be ashamed to have it believed that they would dislike active military service, in which they would have to encounter inferior wine and cookery, loathsome sights, heart-rending sounds, and pestilential odors. If at home they lived like Spartans, or if they were to own that their accustomed luxuries were but idle indulgences, they might be consistent; but we can conceive no greater contradiction than the simultaneous profession of delicate tastes and military ardor. Much of what is usually and appropriately termed nervousness is involuntary. Trembling affords a good example of this. It is quite possible to tremble without feeling in the least afraid. This want of control over the nerves is not only inconvenient, but sometimes fraught with evil consequences. Surgeons and school-masters of the mildest dispositions have, when performing the corporal operations incident to their professions, committed actual brutalities through sheer nervousness; and dogs have been said (by their owners) to bite, and horses to kick, from the same cause; but the origin of such unpleasant results is a source of little comfort to the kicked or the bitten, the patient or the school-boy. Men with excitable nerves, although they may be weak and unstable, become heroes of forlorn hopes, save the lives of others under desperate circumstances, and give heroic sums to charities when suddenly appealed to. Yet in every-day life the same people frequently prove timid, fanciful, weak, and foolish. Most of us probably know instances in which old officers, who have been distinguished by their brilliant personal bravery, have almost nullified the services they formerly rendered to their country by the flagrant follies of which they were afterward guilty in civil and social life.

The nervousness which proceeds from a direct fear of pain is generally regarded as of the most despicable character. But in summarily condemning it people are too apt to overlook the fact that fearlessness often proceeds from thoughtlessness and dullness of intellect, and that pain affects some men far more than others. A familiar instance of this may be obtained by tickling two children, when it will probably be found that the one enjoys while the other dislikes the process. But in the endurance of sensations which are more or less painful to everybody, there can be no doubt that some suffer mere irritation where others go through agonies. Men may conceal their pain, and in certain cases it is well that they should do so; but to dread pain is natural, while to be indifferent to it is unnatural. There is nothing nobler than to endure pain patiently for a good object, but there is no special virtue in mere indifference to it, apart from its cause. Besides the actual fear of suffering, the knowledge that they have not the power of concealing their feelings makes some people appear more nervous than perhaps they really are. It is possible to be more afraid of seeming nervous than of the actual suffering. Again, the varieties of nervous susceptibility are shown by the different manner in which the distress of others affects various persons. One perhaps may be utterly indifferent to it; a second may be annoyed at seeing the unpleasant spectacle; a third may simply moralize; a fourth may profess sympathy; a fifth may take absolute pleasure in it; and a sixth may appear to suffer almost more than the actual victim. If any one wishes to make a practical experiment on this point, let him take half a dozen men of different temperaments to see an operation performed, or let him lead them through the surgical wards of a hospital while the surgeons and dressers are going their rounds.

A very different though equally curious description of nervousness is that which is commonly known as "fidgeting." Although women are usually considered to be more nervous than men, they certainly fidget less. Put an equal number of men and of women to sit for half an hour upon arm-chairs with loose chintz covers and antimacassars. When the women rise, the general appearance of their seats will be little altered; but when the men leave their chairs, there will remain visible evidences of a screw-like action upon the chintz, and it will be a miracle if half the antimacassars are not torn from their places. Or if a lady and gentleman converse together beside a drawing-room table covered with knickknacks, the former will not touch them, but the latter will select some object and nervously play with it in a meaningless manner. One of the most wearisome and provoking forms of fidgetiness is that known as "pacing the quarter-deck," in which the offender traces and retraces a short space of ground or carpet, like a wild beast at the Zoological Gardens when feeding-time draws near. In this habit, and in any of the many other ways in which a man can show that he has got what children term "the fidgets in his legs," he has the power of making an intolerable nuisance of himself. The arch-fidget of history was the great Napoleon. Not only did he pace up and down, but he also whittled chairs and tables, and did other naughty things for which a judicious nurse would have tied up his hands in fingerless gloves. Such habits are but forms of nervousness, and it is certain that Napoleon was essentially a nervous man.

A curious feature of the forms of nervousness we have just described is that they produce nervousness in others. They are, in fact, infectious, although the symptoms vary in different patients. The man in a fidget, the pacer up and down, and the tattoo-beater render other people, if anything, more nervous than themselves. It is humiliating to be forced to yawn by seeing another person yawn; but it is still more mortifying to be fidgeted by the fidgetiness of others. In a sick-room a nervous person is unendurable, from the woman who perpetually fancies that her patient is in want of this, that, or the other, to the man who drums with his fingers upon the window-panes. The more strictly mental forms of nervousness are equally troublesome to the friends of the sufferer and to himself. He is miserable himself, and he makes those around him miserable. The wife has no bed of roses who is perpetually informed by her husband of slights which his imaginative mind supposes to have been offered to him; nor is it pleasant to her to hear the faithfulness of her friends constantly impugned, or to be told that, if things go on as they are doing at present, it is far from unlikely that the family may have to give up their nice house and go into lodgings, and that it is possible that the girls may have to go out as governesses.

There is no kind of doctoring or education which requires more tact and skill, more patience, more firmness, and more forbearance, than the cure of nervousness in others. It is often an inherent disease, which will only submit to eradication during youth; and although it usually yields easily to judicious remedies, it becomes aggravated by irritation, and returns with increased virulence when checked by too severe treatment. In its early stages it is manageable, but in its more developed forms it is utterly incurable.

GREAT MEN AT PLAY.

THAT learned folks as well as others indulge in amusements of an eccentric nature may be gleaned from the following examples, culled at random:

Cardinal Richelieu, we are told, spent his hour of relaxation in leaping over the furniture, and on one occasion he was discovered jumping with his servant, to try which could reach the high side of a wall. De Grammont, knowing the cardinal to be jealous of his powers, offered to jump him for a wager—a proposal which shows the courage as much as the event showed the diplomacy of the courtier. The offer was accepted; but De Grammont took care that his leaps should never quite reach those of his Eminence; and thus he lost a few louis, but gained speedy and high promotion by the favor of his triumphant and gratified opponent.

Dr. Johnson's play-hour was employed in taking a walk down Fleet Street; but then that walk was so cunningly saddled with self-imposed conditions that it became a feat as difficult as it was amusing. The first condition was that every post should be touched as it was passed; and so resolutely did the doctor observe this rule that, if he happened to pass one without giving it the magic touch, he would return the moment he became aware of his neglect, and gravely perform the mystic ceremony. Another rule rigidly complied with by the great lexicographer was to step always exactly in the centre of the flag-stones as he "rolled grandly along;" and a great adept he must have become in this style of geometrical progression, for even that most microscopic of observers, Boswell, does not record a single failure. But the *tour de force* of this extraordinary promenade was reserved for its conclusion; for the doctor, on reaching his house, made it compulsory upon himself to cross the threshold with one particular foot. In order to do this gracefully, it was necessary to commence a series of measured steps at a certain distance from the imaginary hurdle. It is apparent that some very nice calculations were necessary so as to perform this feat, and we are not surprised to be told by Boswell that the good doctor occasionally failed, and—as he would on no consideration enter with the wrong foot—turned back again for a new start. Which foot, whether the right or left, the doctor required to enter by, we shall never know, since Boswell himself confesses that he does not recollect.

These tricks of Dr. Johnson are considered inexplicable by all who have observed them or commented upon them; but it seems not at all unreasonable to ascribe them to that desire of amusement which made Richelieu jump over his furniture, and which we have ample proof burned as strongly within the doctor as it did within his young friends Beauclerk and Langton—those "dogs" with whom the learned man went to have a "frisk" at three o'clock in the morning. So that while the lexicographer could not, on account of physical disabilities, engage in the sport of leaping over chairs, we are not in the least surprised that such a wise and frolicsome man should invent a game which combined the physical exercises of base-ball and the mental labor of chess, and having invented it, should regularly practice it. A very different man was Shelley, who derived great amusement from sailing paper boats upon the Serpentine and the lakes in Hyde Park. Long practice had made the poet an adept in the construction of these toys; and when they braved the winds and waves, Shelley would run round with eager delight to the opposite shore, and receive into harbor his brave little craft.

Jean Jacques Rousseau's was a nature in many respects resembling that of Shelley, and he had the same love of simple and natural amusements. Jean Jacques, when he was in the country, would carry huge stones—as big as he could carry—up to some high cliff, and there he would dispose them in a pile. Then laying himself securely upon the cliff, he cautiously advanced his face till he could see clearly the foaming waters below; and one after the other the stones were hurled over the declivity by the philosopher, who watched with delight the heavy mass as it rolled and bounded before it reached the bottom.

The poet Cowper's amusement was a thoroughly practical one, and is thus humorously referred to by him in a letter to his friend Unwin: "Amico mio, be pleased to buy me a glazier's diamond pencil. I have glazed the two frames designed to receive my pine plants. But I can not mend the kitchen windows till by the help of that implement I can reduce the glass to its proper dimensions. If I were a plumber, I should be a complete glazier; and possibly the happy time may come when I shall be seen trudging away to the neighboring towns with a shelf of glass hanging at my back. If government should impose another tax upon that commodity, I hardly know a business in which a gentleman might more successfully employ himself. A Chinese of ten times my fortune would avail himself of such an opportunity without scruple; and why should not I, who want money as much as any mandarin in China?"

While the cloud which had long obscured his faculties was slowly rising from the poet's mind, it will be remembered how he dreaded human intercourse, but delighted in the company of his two tame hares. When at length one of the hares became sick, Cowper nursed it with the greatest care, and the animal upon its recovery thanked its protector in a most unmistakable and singular manner. "No creature," says the poet, "could be more grateful than my patient, a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand; first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part unsaluted." What is remarkable in this episode is the fact that never before nor after did the creature behave in a similar fashion, except once when it was attacked a second time with sickness. The gentle poet nursed it as on the first occasion; and upon recovery the second time the identical ceremony of thanks was repeated by the grateful animal.

Having touched upon the attachment between Cowper and his hares, we may best conclude these remarks by a reference to Dante and his cat. This creature was not only a solace to the poet during his hours of relaxation, but was a humble servant to him while he was dining or reading, for, having been taught to sit with a lighted candle between its paws, puss acted as a faithful torch-bearer on these occasions. And yet the following anecdote shows that the cat remained wonderfully cat-like still. Dante maintained, in an argument with Ceccio, that art was more potent than nature, and referred to the accomplishment of his cat as a demonstration of the correctness of his views. An appointment was made in order that Ceccio might see for himself the conduct of grimalkin, and the disputant came, well prepared, however, with a test which should try the thoroughness of the change in the feline nature. For while the cat was sitting with the candle between its paws, Ceccio emptied the contents of a bag, which he had filled with mice, upon the floor. Is it necessary to add that the candle was at once dropped, and that puss flew after her natural prey?

THE FIRST IN THE MARKET.

IF you are lucky enough to be a guest in the Citadel of Quebec, and in the early winter morning have the courage to leave your bed by the stove, and from the double window of your bomb-proof chamber look through the patch of glass that the snow-drifts have left bare, down, down, down on to the St. Lawrence, sheer beneath you, you will see nothing but curling wreaths of vapor. You might as well be looking into the crater of Vesuvius. The vapor tells you that outside it is exceedingly cold, perhaps twenty degrees below zero; and this is confirmed by the smoke from the chimneys on the Point Levi side of the river, floating lazily in the air, looking as if frozen into something like cotton-wool.

By-and-by, as the sun rises, you may see through the rifts in the mist a narrowed stream covered with islands of ice, some smooth and plain, some rugged, with tall hummocks—a *mer de glace* flowing between banks of ice. These islands as they move along grate and grind against one another, sometimes veering off the banks, sometimes mooring themselves alongside. Thus would the river be gradually hemmed in, and the ice-bridge formed, if it were not for the steam ferry-boats, which are constantly charging the ice-floes and making them "move on." On one of the floes there—is it fancy, or can you see tiny specks moving? They are men tugging at something—a canoe. They pull it across one island, launch it, jump into it as they launch, land on another, and so finally get to the main-land, fringed with its border of ice. It is hard to make out at this distance what the freight of the boat is: thrifty French *habitans*, probably, anxious to beat the first ferry-boat, and get their wares——frozen pigs, Virginian venison, turkeys, geese, etc.—to the market.

Should you be tempted to take a closer view of them, and even to cross the river yourself, you will be placed in a boat, canoe-shaped, indeed, but sturdily made of wood, not bark. You will lie in the stern, cozily wrapped under a buffalo-robe of a most unsavory smell. Your crew may have a dash of Indian blood in some of them, but they are more likely to be French, Irish, or Scotch. They wear no deer-skin suit or feathers, but cummerbunds, comforters, mitts, moccasins, or high boots. Six sit in front with their backs to you—two on a bench—the steersman behind. All ply paddles, and they chant spontaneously, or if you ask them, snatches of some Canadian boat-song. Should the wind favor, and if there is any clear stretch of water, they hoist a sail; but the water is not clear of ice for long. See! the bows of the boat are driven up high and dry on a sheet of ice. Will it bear? "Y est le chemin!" shouts Palinurus at the helm. Out they jump; then pull and haul, slipping, sliding, the ice cracking under them. You, under the buffalo, are swayed helplessly to and fro, now with your ear touching the water, now high on the top of an iceberg. Sometimes the canoe crunches right through the ice, which splits into a thousand pieces. The men still stand on the shelving lumps; then, at the last moment, the water up to their knees, leap on to the gunwale. It is exciting work, but I dare say you are not sorry when it is over. Our fine double-page engraving gives a lively representation of the venturesome passage through and over the ice.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

EARLY in October the remarkable library of the late Caleb Cushing will be sold at auction in Boston. Mr. Cushing's wonderful mental powers excited the admiration of his acquaintances, and during his eventful life he gathered a collection of books very different from that usually found in a private library, and one which illustrates his peculiarities as well as his great versatility and eminent abilities.

It mattered little, apparently, to Mr. Cushing himself whether his books were elegantly or plainly bound, for every volume was neatly covered with brown paper, and assigned its proper place in the plain box shelves which formed his book-cases. But he spared no pains to provide himself with all the literature which was valuable in those branches to which he gave his particular attention. He had the reputation of being a remarkable linguist; and that he was perfectly familiar with French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, and German is evident from the number of books in these languages in his collection. Although Mr. Cushing was a laborious student, he was also a great novel-reader; and on his book-shelves were hundreds of the best French, Spanish, and Mexican novels in the original. Strangely enough, however, the collection contains few English novels—only half a dozen of Scott's, one by Disraeli, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

As Mr. Cushing was our first minister to China, it is not strange that his library should contain an exceedingly valuable collection of Chinese books—vocabularies, dictionaries, histories, encyclopedias, biographies, essays, educational works, the Bible in Chinese, and numerous rare volumes, in imperial editions, and illustrated, which doubtless were presented to him by the Chinese government.

This library is now in the auction-rooms at No. 2 Beacon Street, Boston, and the catalogue is an interesting one.

The British embassy at Cabul has met with a sad fate. Major Cavagnari and his suite have been massacred by the troops of Yakoob Khan, although the Ameer himself seems to have been entirely ignorant of the purposes of the mutineers. Indeed, if reports are correct, he appears to have done what he could to quell the riot at first, but his efforts were of no avail. The buildings of the embassy were fired by the troops, and although the little band defended themselves heroically, all were killed. It is said that twelve regiments joined in this revolt. Major Cavagnari, the chief of the embassy, has figured conspicuously in the Afghan struggle, and his death will be deplored by the British.

By the will of Thomas Wilson, who recently died in Baltimore, at the age of ninety-one, large bequests are left to several charitable institutions, four receiving five thousand dollars each. Also half a million is given for the endowment of the "Thomas Wilson Sanitarium for the Children of the Poor," and two hundred thousand dollars for the endowment of the "Thomas Wilson Fuel-saving Society," and for the aid of the poor.

The dimensions and volume of the Mississippi River's actual head have been rarely stated, and either the river's lines are very changeable, or previous statements are incorrect. Mr. A. H. Siegfried, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, has recently returned from a canoe cruise of five weeks about the head of the Mississippi, and thence down its sinuous way to Lake Pepin, more than one thousand miles. He carefully measured the river where it first assumes a definite channel from Itasca Lake, and found its width to be just twenty feet, its greatest depth thirty-one inches, and its current two and one-tenth miles per hour. While the lake is but forty miles in a direct line from the Northern Pacific Railway, it is almost inaccessible, and can only be reached by eight or nine days' circuitous travel through the wilderness. Mr. Siegfried and his two companions, Mr. Lucien Wulsin, of Cincinnati, and Mr. J. M. Barnes, of Louisville, are the first men who have ever navigated those wilds in wooden boats, and, save Schoolcraft's party in 1832, are the only white men who have ever made the trip down the far Upper Mississippi without portages.

Flies are troublesome creatures, to be sure, but not many take such decisive measures to get rid of the pests as a certain restaurant-keeper whose place was infested with them. According to the Pittsburgh *Telegraph*, the doors and windows were closed, and a train of very fine gunpowder was laid in narrow strips over the floor, and the places between the strips were carefully painted with molasses. In an incredibly short time all the flies in the room seemed to be on the floor, enjoying the luxurious repast so temptingly set before them. It was but the work of an instant to fire the train: the result, when carefully weighed, was two pounds three ounces of dead flies.

Over two thousand poor children have been sent into the country this past summer for a few days' vacation by the "Fresh-air Fund" of the *Evening Post*.

In a sermon recently delivered by the Rev. Dr. Kohler in the Temple Beth-El, the principles and aims of modern Judaism were discussed. The preacher advocated the introduction of periodical Sunday lectures, "not," as he said, "from inclination toward Christianity, which, in fact, has in reformed Judaism its most uncompromising adversary, but from fervent love of Judaism." It is announced that Dr. Kohler will speak in English on every alternate Sunday.

Long Branch hotel-keepers, so it is said, have made more money this year than during any season since 1870. But the Long Branch season is over now. With the first breath of fall the fashionable world flees from the sea-shore. Rather a pity that such is the custom, as some of these mild autumn days are most charming at the sea-side.

A great concourse of distinguished theologians from all parts of Europe and many from America recently gathered at Basle, Switzerland, to attend the General Conference of Christians of all Nations. Among the interesting topics which occupied the Conference were Christian Union, Mormonism, Socialism, Influence of the Press, Sunday-Schools, and Infidelity. One of the most important actions of the Conference was the appointment of a delegation, consisting of a president and vice-presidents, for the purpose of soliciting the Austrian government to afford relief to the Protestants of Bohemia, who are at present suffering under severe disabilities.

Swimming matches do not always turn out pleasantly. There are misunderstandings, mismanagements, and suspicions of unfairness. The contest between Boyton and Webb, off Nastasket Beach, Massachusetts, ended in a mystery, according to report. One of the contestants disappeared from the water, and it was rumored that he was seen running along the beach, but when the other reached the goal, he found his competitor there before him. Hence dissatisfaction and "investigation."

A commission consisting of twenty members has been appointed by the British government to investigate the condition of agriculture in Great Britain, continental Europe, and America. It is to have its session in England, but in addition special commissioners will visit various parts of Europe and America, and make their reports to the Parliamentary commission. Two of these commissioners are now in this country. It is stated that there have been no good crops of grain in England since 1874.

The accounts which have reached us of the wintering of the Nordenskjöld expedition in the artic seas indicate that it by no means endured the hardships which have frequently befallen those who have attempted similar voyages in times past. The winter was spent in pack-ice, about one mile from land. All the ship's company enjoyed the best of health and spirits, and not a case of scurvy occurred. There were about 4000 inhabitants in villages not far distant, who subsisted by fishing and catching seals, and from them the expedition obtained bear and reindeer meat. In the spring game was abundant. Much time was given during the winter to scientific investigations. The cold was intense, averaging 33° below zero, Fahrenheit. The *Vega* was detained in the ice 264 days.

"We wish," says a Texas newspaper, pathetically, "that a few of our citizens could be permitted to live till they died a natural death, so as to show the world what a magnificently healthy country Texas really is."

One of the tenement-house inspectors reported that he found "fifty ducks roosted under the bed" in one of the wretched rooms whose sanitary condition he was expected to ascertain. He is not the first to find tenement-houses used as poultry-yards.

Many of the California newspapers make sensible comments upon the fact that some New York journals have expressed the belief that California is not a good place in which to settle. It is a hopeful indication, however, when the press of San Francisco boldly disapproves of prevailing lawlessness. One local paper has the following paragraph:

> "Undoubtedly the belief is general in the East that there is no adequate punishment for crime in this State. It is understood almost as well in New York as it is here that members of the 'ring' in San Francisco may do pretty much what they please, from plundering the people on a Dupont Street fraud to downright attempts at assassination, and escape scot-free. De Young has made two attempts at murder—in the first of which there was no effort at punishment; in the second, a barrel of beer is rolled into the City Prison at the instance of a brother of the offender, to be used by the police, which doubtless was thought would atone for the crime, and smooth the way for an easy baffling of justice. It does not, however, sound very well when such a statement is read in the Eastern States, and when the people there are told that the authorities did not even object to such a trifling with decency."

THE GREEN-GROCER'S BOY.

Now the hero of our tale is the Green-grocer's Boy; but then his history is so mixed up with that of "our Polly," and pa Jones has told that story so well himself, that for any one else to attempt to do it better would be too absurd. Here goes for the old gentleman's posthumous papers, from among which we exhume the following:

DEAR JERUSHY,—It must be twenty year since I wrote you a line; but knowing you was well-to-do down in Lancashire, and seeing you never took the trouble to come up to London and look after us a bit, and being as I've never been easy in my mind since Polly came— But there! you don't know who Polly is any more'n the dead; and to think my own flesh-and-blood sister don't know our Polly just makes me feel what a wretch I've been. Wife and me, you know, kept a tobacco shop on the Strand, just above —— Street, when we was first married; got it yet, too, and it pays, it does, though if wife was to see me behind that counter now, she'd have hysterics, which is what we used to call "tantrums," but Polly says when folks get rich the doctors find a new Greek name for it, and Polly knows, or if she don't, the Green-grocer's Boy does. It's no use; I'll never forget that fellow in his blue check apron—no, not if he lives to be Lord Mayor.

Well, wife and I we stuck to the shop pretty industrious, and the first thing we knew we began to get rich. Somehow we couldn't seem to help it. You see, when every fellow you meet either smokes or chews, man and boy—and some say the women too, on the sly—from the Prince of Wales down to the lad that sweeps the crossing, it stands to reason there must be a pretty good demand for tobacco. Wife and I we kept a good article, every variety. But there, Jerushy, what's the use of talking? You don't know tobacco from a cabbage leaf, and I dare say don't want to. But the money kept a-piling and a-piling up. And we had never a chick nor child, though we'd been married fifteen year. There was the butcher, he had a baker's dozen, and the tallow-chandler likewise, and we hadn't one. Now I was inclined to fret about it, for it was dreadful lonesome b'iling the kettle every night in the parlor behind the shop, with nobody to upset the hot water, and racket round, and get things out of place. I never said a word to the old lady, though; but Lor! she found it out. There never was a thing she didn't know about me since the parson made us one down in the old church in Lancashire; and somehow, managing that shop together so many years, we got to be so very much one that we scarcely knew which from t'other. Excepting the times when she was blowing me up, there never was such a couple as the old lady and me; and those times was only when she felt a little important, for, you see, that bank account was getting bigger and bigger, and it ain't every temper as can stand prosperity, leastways not the old lady's. Now she knew I was fretting about the babies that didn't come, for all of a sudden she began finding fault with the butcher's young ones, and ordering them off our door-step in a way that, if I wasn't speaking of the old lady, I should say was most vicious. And one day she said to me, "Jones, I wouldn't have a young one bothering round this house—no, not for any money." This sort of discouraged me, for where was the use of selling Partagas at a profit, when all the good it did was to spoil the old lady's temper?

But all of a sudden there came a change. The old lady got so serene and lovely that butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, and every time she looked at me she grinned like a chessycat. She robbed my till, the old lady did, right under my very nose, and went off and bought a lot of linen that, made up into a shirt, wouldn't have staid whole on a fellow's back one week—no, not if he perspired like I do. Pretty soon I got the whole business through my head, and then I began to grin too: we was a pair of chessycats. I raised on the Partagas too, I did. You see, when a man's expenses are likely to increase, he can't favor his customers after the fashion of a fellow who's got nobody particular dependent upon him. The next thing that happened was that old Mother Green—a woman whom I always did abominate—came from round the corner, established herself in the spare room over the shop, stole my best Maccaboy by the pound, and nearly turned me out of house and home—leastways out of my own room. I said to myself: "Every Britisher's house is his castle. I won't stand it." But, bless your soul! I did, like a lamb. And when that remarkable woman put a bundle of flannel in my arms, and screamed, at the top of her voice, "Mr. Jones, if you hold that baby upside down, you'll be the death of it," I submitted to being accused of a desire to murder my own offspring without a word.

Now, if our house, and the shop included, had been turned upside down, and stood on its roof with the foundations sticking in air, there couldn't have been a greater revolution in its internal economy than there was after that baby came. It wasn't four weeks before the old lady and I had a dreadful row—all about giving it a name. She wanted it called "Marie Antoinette;" for she said now we'd got a baby, we was going to be gentle folks, and it shouldn't be named after anything less than a queen." "Mercy, wife!" says I, "you wouldn't name the child after a woman without a head?" "But she had a head once," said the old lady, which, of course, I couldn't deny. I stuck it out, though, when all of a sudden she went into hysterics. We hadn't learned the name then, but that was it. Then the neighbors came, and said I was a "brute;" so of course I gave in. Nowadays, when Polly sees her ma is going to be took in that way, she cures her right up with a good dose of common-sense; but you see, at that time, Polly was only a month old. So "Marie Antoinette" it was; and you ought to have seen the clergyman grin! I took to calling her Polly, though; and I tell you what, that young one was no goose. She'd never answer to anything else—not she. The next row was just before she had the measles. Wife and I we was trying to settle upon a husband for Polly. The old lady picked out the Prince of Wales: he hadn't any wife at that time; and, after all, it seemed hardly likely that he'd wait; but there wasn't anybody else in the kingdom that would suit the old lady. Now I always loved the Queen—God bless her!—but I didn't like his ways; and I just said so. Then wife she said I was a traitor to my country, which was most unjust, considering I'd always paid my taxes regular for the support of the aristocracy. We was at it hot and heavy, when the doctor came in: we always had him once a week, to see that Polly was all right. Now he knew more than we did, and he told us that his Royal Highness couldn't marry a subject, and as Polly was of course an out-and-out Britisher, we had just had all the fuss for nothing. She swallowed a button, too, that minute, and the old lady was so worried that she forgot all about a husband.

Somehow we never could do anything with Polly without a row. You see, it was so important what she ate, and where she went, and what she put on, and what she left off, that we couldn't help getting excited about it; but wife and I we'd both 'a died for that young one, and so, after all, we didn't fight very hard. But the old lady she said I didn't know anything about children, just as though I hadn't petted the butcher's young ones on the sly for fifteen years. Now I never was of much importance in the house after Polly came, but I do maintain that when a child of four years wants to play horse, its paternal parent is better adapted to the situation than any female relative who wears petticoats. Naturally at such times the old lady was jealous, but it couldn't be helped.

And you ought to have seen the number of things the old lady bought for Polly. If it hadn't been for the Partagas going off like hot cakes, and the property I'd bought going up like mad, I'd have had to go into bankruptcy. But even the old lady's extravagance couldn't get ahead of the Partagas, though I'll give her credit for it, she did her best. First she furnished the house new from top to toe, and then every year of her life that young one had at least forty new dresses. I said she couldn't wear them out; and wife said of course she couldn't—she outgrew them. Then I said, "What do you buy so many for?" Then the old lady would ask me what on earth I knew about a girl's frocks; and the tone of her voice was so withering that I felt like a cabbage that's been yanked off its roots and left in the sun four days.

And Polly's education—phew! didn't it cost a pretty penny? But the way she took to her book was wonderful. Wife said she must learn French; but I said one tongue was enough for a woman. Then the old lady got mad, and hang me if the young one didn't go and learn Dutch too. You see, I was kind of worried for fear she'd get to despising her old dad, who couldn't teach her anything but the price of tobacco. But she didn't—not a bit. She just took to the shop, and before she was ten she could tell any brand, from Turkish down to plug, just as well as I could, and she'd smoke her cigarette like a little man. Every night at nine she'd put down her book, and we'd puff away and tell yarns just as jolly as two Jack Tars, and the things Polly 'd get out of those books and retail to her astonished parent was amazing.

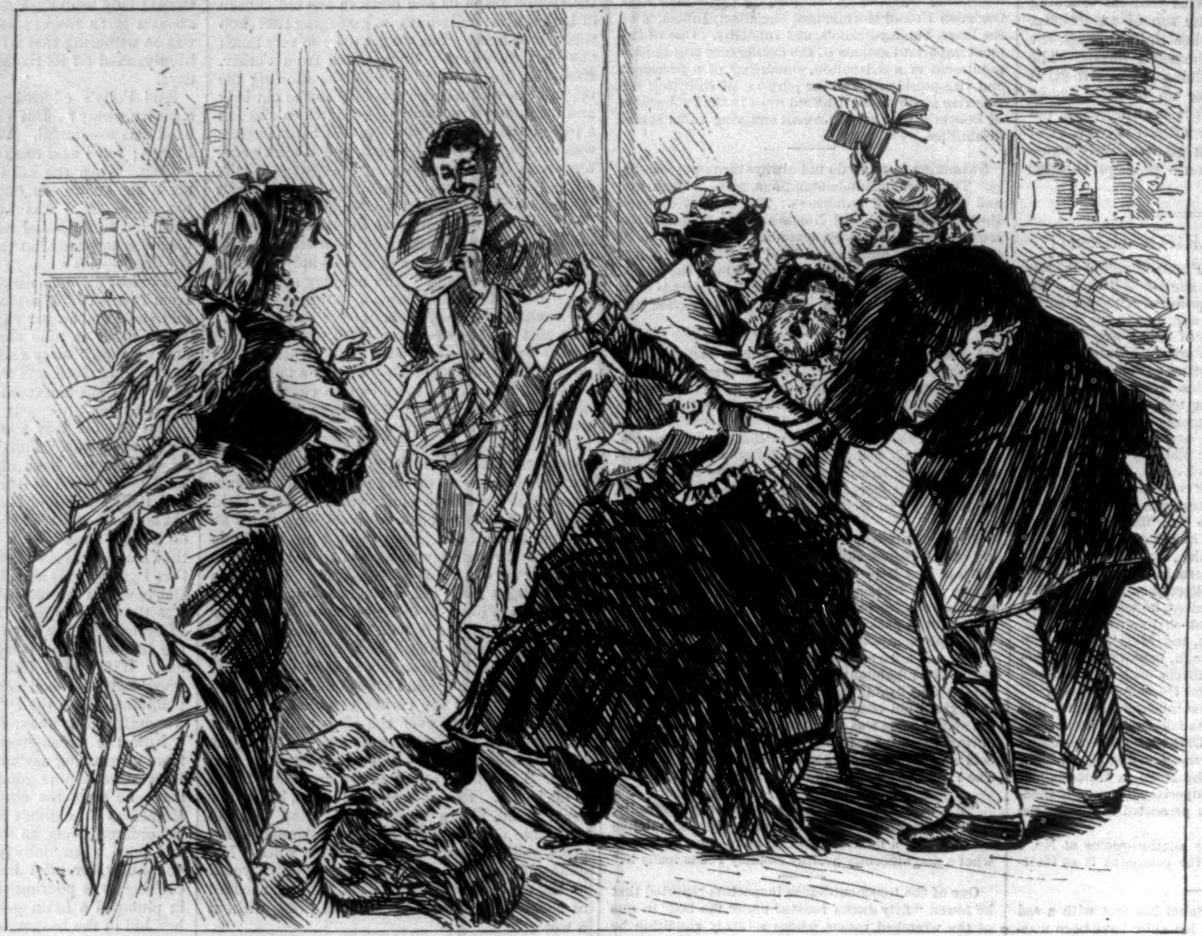
But the old lady was getting more and more airish every day. Polly's accomplishments kind of went to her head like Champagne—not that we'd ever tasted it then—only beer; but beer and Polly's learning had the same effect on the old lady—they made her restless. Nothing would do but we must have a piano; and we did; and that piano brought such a lot of things with it that I got awfully afraid she'd want a new house. But it wasn't the old lady that made us move; it was the Green-grocer's Boy. You see, Polly got to be fourteen, and the first thing we knew all the fellows in the street took to running after her. Wife didn't like it; for we wasn't in a grand neighborhood; and in spite of her disappointment about the Prince, the old lady still had wonderful ideas about Polly.

Now the Green-grocer's Boy had been took from a foundling asylum, and he had queer ways. First place he was good-looking, and the second place he wore his check apron in a way that seemed as if he didn't fit well in it. Then when we ordered beets, he was sure to bring apples, and once when Sally (we kept a servant then, you know, for all I like to have died with the cooking) was pouring the potatoes into the pot, in plumped a Latin grammar which that rascal had hid in the basket, intending to poison us. I made an awful row about it; for though I didn't mind Polly's books, I wasn't going to be done to death by those belonging to that wretch out of a foundling asylum. Then up jumped Polly—my! what a racket she could make when she was mad!—and said she wouldn't hear a word against that Green-grocer's Boy, for she was engaged to be married to him, and have him she would, if she lived on soup made of Latin grammars all the rest of her life. The old lady was took in a minute, and it was all Sally and me could do to hold her, with two of the neighbors to help. Now I attend church regular, and always say "Amen" in the right place, and I never swear; but on that occasion I ripped out a dozen oaths in a minute just as easy as if I'd practiced all my life. Polly told me to hush up and not disgrace the family, and the little wretch looked so impudent, as if she enjoyed the row she'd made, that I wished she'd been a boy, so I could have spanked her till she was black and blue.

As soon as the old lady came round, we made up our minds. In a week I let out the shop; we packed up everything we owned, and the first thing we knew we was bumping round on the English Channel on the way to France; for the old lady said that no one mortal island on the face of the earth was big enough to hold her and that Green-grocer's Boy. Yet there he was on the wharf, as smiling as a basket of chips, when we sailed off, and Polly a-grinning at him from the upper deck. Now there was one thing we hadn't taken into account, and that was that although the old lady could talk English like a streak of lightning, especially when she was mad, and I wasn't bad at second fiddle, not a soul of us but Polly could speak a word of French. There she had us, the little baggage, and do you know we had to coax round her four days before she'd open her lips. If it hadn't been for the waiters and fellows that was used to people from foreign parts, and could talk all manner of languages, that brat would have let her parents starve to death before her very eyes. My! wasn't she mad? First I thought she'd never make up; but in about a week I heard her say she "thought she'd take a smoke." Then I knew she was all right, because in spite of Polly's fondness for her own way, and her tempers when she didn't get it, I knew she'd never be so downright abominable heartless as to come back to tobacco without asking her old dad to join her.

Jerushy, it was ten mortal years before ever I set foot on my own native shore again to stay. Except sneaking back and forth now and then to see after the business that it didn't go to the dogs, I didn't know any more about old England than if I lived in Patagonia. Polly went to school, and the old lady took to France like a duck to water. It seemed as if anything connected with a land so utterly vile that it could harbor that Green-grocer's Boy turned her stomach. She got to be a woman "with soul so dead," etc. I don't know much poetry, but I know that.

And Polly, she didn't seem to care a straw about home either. She got prettier and prettier, and saucier and saucier. First she was finished at what they called a "pension," and then she set up to travel. So did her mother, for after the old lady got rid of the Green-grocer's Boy she was just like a lamb in Polly's hands. Now I was afraid we'd have an awful dull time, for I thought people wouldn't take to us. You see there's a good deal of the shop about me, for when a man's been behind a counter forty year, it kind of sticks out. But Polly was so dreadful charming, and she carried us right along. Some of the swells looked out of the corners of their



"THE OLD LADY WAS TOOK IN A MINUTE, AND IT WAS ALL SALLY AND ME COULD DO TO HOLD HER."

eyes; but the fellows all made for Polly, and generally they dragged their mothers and sisters in, for when the aristocracy goes abroad, it isn't near so particular as it is at home. Besides, the old lady is a good-looking party, and don't talk much in company, and when the fellows found I was a nice decent old gentleman, who could always give them a good cigar, they began to think it didn't hurt them to be polite to a fellow-creature if he did sell tobacco. Besides, they wanted to marry Polly, such a lot of them, and of course I'd be one of the family. But Polly she kept turning up her nose at them till I was afraid it would grow so. Nobody suited her, and one day she gave us both a turn by saying she was going home.

Home we went, and wasn't I glad, though I didn't much like the new house in the West End. I was afraid of the swells again. But we had been there three days, when a most elegant young man came to call, and in two weeks Polly was engaged to him. It took my breath away, but then he was the adopted son of the Hon. Samuel Johnson, one of the biggest lawyers in London, and of course it didn't behoove a tobacco-seller like me to say a word.

My! you should have seen the way the women carried on getting ready for that wedding. If I hadn't slipped down to the Strand and found the Partagas going off more lively than ever, I'd 'a been scared. Well, the day came. Polly was perfectly lovely in a million yards of dry-goods. There was flowers and music and speeches, and fourteen times more breakfast than anybody could eat. The Hon. Samuel, for all he had the gout, and it pained him dreadful, was just as polite to me as if I'd been a duke, and I esteemed it a great honor, for he's been to court, and knows who's who. He said he was honored by my acquaintance, and I tell you when I looked at his elegant young son, a swell among swells, sitting there married to our Polly, I felt as if the disappointment about the Prince was all made up.

But now comes the awful part of it. Everybody was gone but just the family, when Polly jumped into my arms, train and all, and squeezing me till I was that red in the face I like to burst, screams out: "I've done it, daddy, I've done it! I've married the Green-grocer's Boy!"

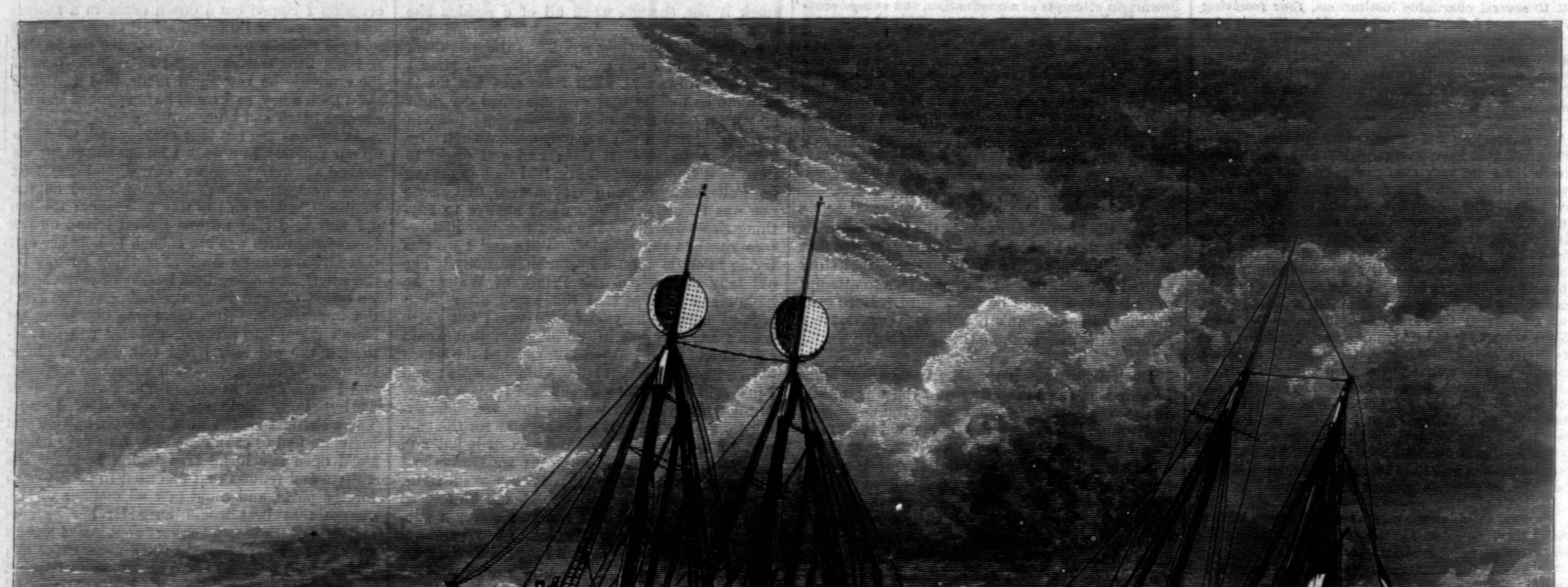
In a minute I was as cold as ice, and I turns to Mrs. Jones and says, "Madam, you had better have this young woman put in a strait-jacket at once."

But, Lor! there was the old lady took again, and Polly was fully ten minutes bringing her round. Then she ran off, and left the Hon. Samuel to explain. It seems that just after we went to France one day the old gentleman, who was getting on in years, though looking hale and hearty, got under the legs of a horse when he was crossing the Strand. Along comes that Green-grocer's Boy and pulls him out. Instead of giving him a shilling, the Hon. Samuel adopts the wretch, makes a lawyer of him, and sends him to France on vacations to make sly love to our Polly. It was an awful take-in, Jerushy, and I couldn't help treating the old gentleman in a dignified manner for full ten minutes. But he began to talk just like a lawyer. He said that wretch went round among all the swells, and could have married the daughter of a duchess, which I believe to be a lie. And he also said that Cardinal Woolsey was the son of a butcher, which may be a lie too for all I know. I never gave in till Polly came down in her travelling dress. Then she threatened she'd never smoke another cigarette again as long as she lived, and I had to do it—*I shook hands with the Green-grocer's Boy.*

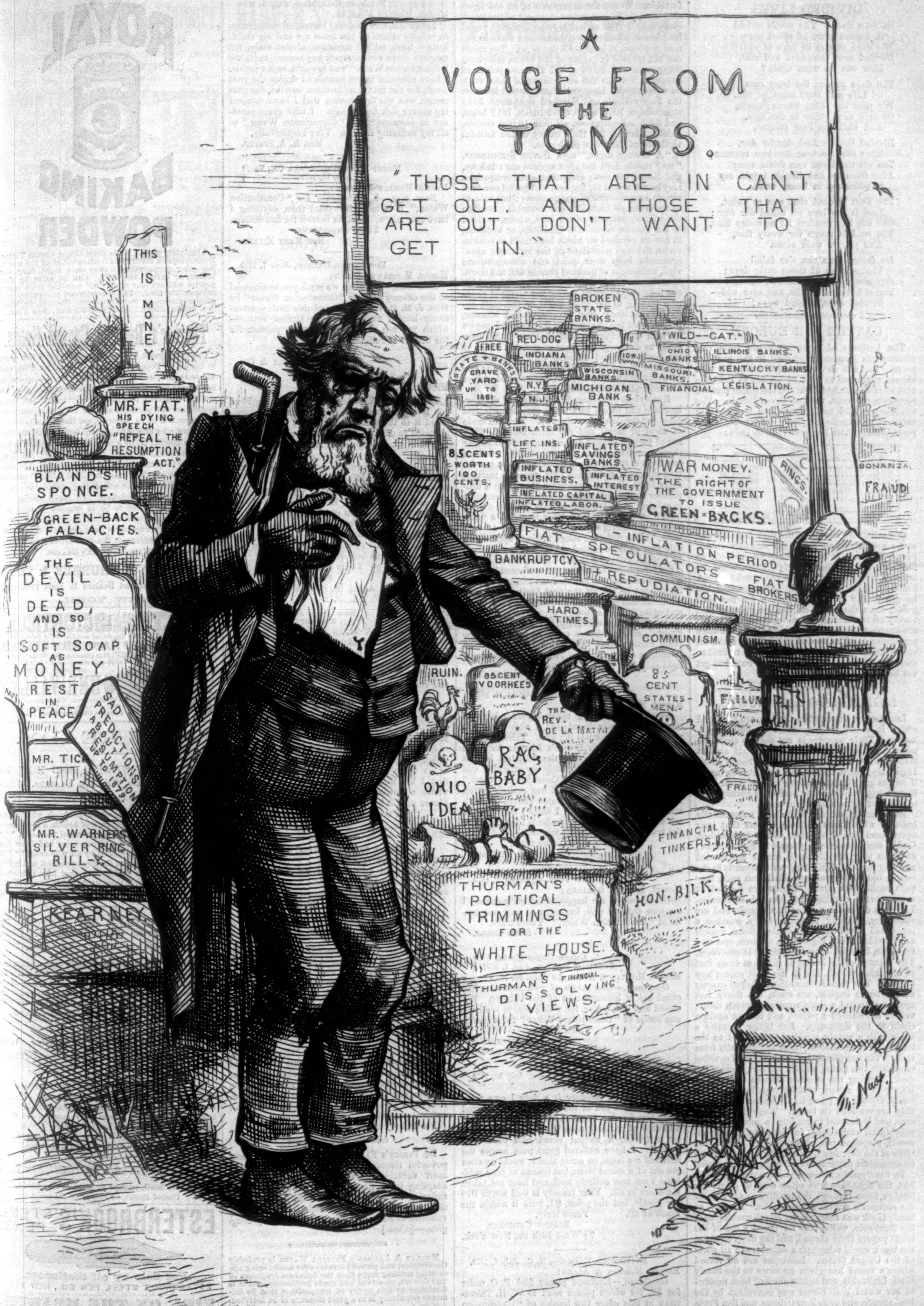
But it's a subject I don't like to talk about; it harrows up my feelings. So no more at present from your affectionate brother,

JOSIAH JONES.

P.S.—What I wrote this for was to say that the house is awful lonesome since Polly's gone, and as you've got six girls, wife and I we thought maybe you might let one come and stay with us. And as for Green-grocers' Boys, you needn't be frightened, for, with the exception of that wretch, who, they say, is going to be a Q.C. and a member of Parliament, and who comes to dinner every Sunday, we don't keep any such company.



THE SANDY HOOK LIGHT-SHIP.—DRAWN BY F. S. COZZENS.—[SEE PAGE 774.]


A VOICE FROM THE TOMBS.
"THOSE THAT ARE IN CAN'T GET OUT. AND THOSE THAT ARE OUT DON'T WANT TO GET IN."
THIS IS MONEY.
MR. FIAT. HIS DYING SPEECH "REPEAL THE RESUMPTION ACT."
BLAND'S SPONGE.
GREEN-BACK FALLACIES.
THE DEVIL IS DEAD, AND SO IS SOFT SOAP AS MONEY REST IN PEACE
SAD PREDICTIONS ABOUT RESUMPTION ARE UP TO 1879.
MR. TIC
MR. WARNERS SILVER RING BILL-Y.
KEARNEY.
BROKEN STATE BANKS.
RED-DOG
FREE
STATE + BANKS GRAVE YARD UP TO 1861
INDIANA BANKS
IOWA
"WILD--CAT."
OHIO BANKS
ILLINOIS BANKS.
WISCONSIN BANKS.
MISSOURI. BANKS.
KENTUCKY BANKS
N.Y.
N.J.
MICHIGAN BANK S
FINANCIAL LEGISLATION.
INFLATED LIFE INS.
85 CENTS WORTH 100 CENTS.
INFLATED SAVINGS BANKS
INFLATED BUSINESS.
INFLATED INTEREST
INFLATED CAPITAL
INFLATED LABOR.
WAR MONEY. "THE RIGHT OF THE GOVERNMENT TO ISSUE GREEN=BACKS.
RINGS.
BONANZA
FRAUD
FIAT - INFLATION PERIOD.
SPECULATORS
FIAT BROKERS.
BANKRUPTCY.
+ REPUDIATION.
HARD TIMES.
COMMUNISM.
RUIN.
85 CENT VOORHEES
85 CENT STATES-MEN.-
FAILURE
THE REV. DE LA MATYR
RAG BABY
OHIO IDEA
FRAUD
FINANCIAL TINKERS.
HON. BILK.
THURMAN'S POLITICAL TRIMMINGS FOR THE WHITE HOUSE.
THURMAN'S FINANCIAL DISSOLVING VIEWS.
Y
Th. Nast.

OUT OF THE FINANCIAL GRAVEYARD.

"HERE'S A SORROWFUL AFFLICTION!" SAID MR. STIGGINS.

"It is not improper to point out the Graveyards through which we have passed in our dreary march to this result (Resumption, so called)."—*Senator Thurman's Speech at Columbus.*

DIVIDED LIVES.

DIVIDED lives! The words unfold
A hidden store of silent pain.
We were as one in days of old:
Divided now, estranged and cold,
How can we meet again?

The days go on; the busy race
Of Life and Duty must be run.
We pass the olden meeting-place,
Or look each other in the face,
And wish the Past undone.

Divided lives! And, day by day,
More hard to bear the loss appears;
Too oft the loved one drifts away
Afar from us, and Hope's bright ray
Is quenched in lonely tears.

The Past is dead that was so sweet,
Lost is the love we called our own;
Our life has reached its noon-day heat,
The road is rough for weary feet,
And yet we walk alone.

No future time can e'er fulfill
The promise of those early days;
Our works achieve success, but still
The old wound throbs, and ever will—
Divided lives, divided ways!

CATTLE FOR EUROPE.

THE business of exporting cattle from this country has increased eightfold in the past ten years. In 1868 the value of live animals sent abroad amounted to $733,395, while in 1878 the sum total was $5,844,653. Of the whole number sixty-two per cent. went to Great Britain. The following official table shows the number and value of the cattle exported during the fiscal years, ending June 30, from 1873 to 1878:

Year.	Number of Cattle.	Value.
1873...............	34,998	$826,764 51
1874...............	45,715	884,961 29
1875...............	45,310	748,151 71
1876...............	30,068	458,264 82
1877...............	31,893	314,094 37
1878...............	41,933	475,526 42
Total..........	229,917	$3,707,763 12

Our artist has shown on the first page how the cattle are driven on board the steamers at this port. The task is by no means an easy one at the best, but it is particularly difficult when the animals are wild, and become panic-stricken. A bull in a china shop may do more mischief, but he can hardly give more trouble for the time being, than the beast on the gang-plank, that makes up its mind not to go by that ship though the heavens may fall. Something more than mere persuasion is often needed to bring the stubborn animal to terms; but the men are well trained to their work, and in the end they are bound to get the better of him.

LIGHT-SHIPS AND BUOYS.

LIGHT-SHIPS, as everybody knows, are stationed where it would be impossible to build light-houses. Their purpose is not only to show the position of reefs, shoals, or wrecks, but also to point out the entrance to harbors. Sandy Hook Light-ship, which stands like a vidette to mark, if not to guard, the entrance to New York Bay, though not by any means perfect, is perhaps one of the best light-ships on our coast.

Such vessels require to be very substantially built to withstand the fierce storms that beat upon them and drive them hither and thither. Unlike any other vessels, there is no give to them; at times they are blown to sea, or are carried away by the ice. This happens frequently in the Sound, but as they are provided with sails, they soon make port again. Lights are hoisted at sunset every evening, and lowered at sunrise. The iron disks are used as day signals, and are stationary. During thick or foggy weather a large bell is tolled at intervals. Some vessels are provided with a fog-whistle, or siren, operated by steam, in which case an engineer is necessary. The manner of anchoring is different from that of any other vessels, and is the most secure way known. Two mushroom anchors, shaped exactly as the name implies, are sunk, say thirty feet apart, end to end, a chain running between them; to this is attached a swivel, and to that again a chain to the light-ship. For better security a chain with a weight attached is fastened to the head of each mushroom, running diagonally from each. The complement of men on board consists of master, two mates, and six seamen, besides the cook. During the summer months they are at liberty to go ashore, or take trips in one of the boats, fishing, etc.; but from October until April they are confined on board. Their time is their own, and is devoted to reading (a good library of substantial works being furnished by the government), playing-cards, checkers, etc. As to the news of the day, they hear nothing, except through an occasional paper thrown from a passing vessel.

In the "good old times" before the cable was laid, the light-ship was often used to speed the foreign news through the country in advance of the steamer's arrival at our docks. As soon as Sandy Hook was reached, the vessel, running near the light-ship, would toss on board a file of the latest papers from abroad, and the news agent at the Hook would telegraph a summary to all parts of the United States. Instances are on record where a vessel has given its news to the Sandy Hook Light-ship, and before she had been moored to her wharf Wall Street was convulsed by the intelligence, and even New Orleans and San Francisco were in possession of the reports. Now the glory of steam-ships has in this respect departed. Their news is anticipated, and the courtesy of delivering the papers to light-ships is one which concerns only the keepers thereof.

In rough weather a light-ship is rather uncomfortable. To use the expression of an old light-ship man, "She just jumps clean out of the water every time." The veriest sea-dog that ever "eyed his pipe or piped his eye" becomes a slave to Father Neptune, at least for a day or so. Too much can not be said in praise of the brave, self-sacrificing men who stand guard at these points of danger. Nor can the importance of their work be overvalued. Last year there passed between the Sandy Hook and Scotland light-ships 3346 steam-ships, 1073 ships, 5283 barks, 1517 brigs, and 6885 schooners—in all over 18,000 vessels, indebted largely for their safety to the faithful vigilance of the police of the sea.

"A stormy night," says DAVID STEPHENSON, "may rudely drift the sleet against our windows, and disturb our rest; and perhaps our sympathies may be awakened for the men who patrol our dark streets as guardians of our property; but seldom in those dismal nights do our thoughts extend to the solitary outposts of our land, where, confined to the narrow cabin of a light-ship, or watching in towers perched on bleak headlands or sunken rocks, the true guardians of the country's naval greatness keep their quiet and unostentatious vigil, unthought of because remote and unknown. Whether we consider the important position which our light-ships occupy among the tortuous channels leading to our great ports, or the calm endurance of their ever tempest-rocked inmates, they can not fail to arrest our interest, and inspire us with thankfulness that men are found ever ready to discharge the most unenviable duties in the important and humane work of protecting the lives of our hardy seamen." The life is one of great hardships, often of danger, and always of care and watchfulness.

Hardly less important to the safety of the mariner are the buoys that mark the channels, and point out the dangers of the way. They are made of wood or metal, and are often hollow. They are of various shapes and colors, partly to render them conspicuous, and partly to distinguish them one from another. Sometimes they point out the best channel; sometimes they warn the mariner away from shoals; sometimes they form a continuous double line between which ships can pass in safety. A hollow conical buoy is called a "can buoy;" a double conical buoy is called a "nun buoy;" a floating wooden spar is called a "spar buoy." The different colors indicate upon which side they must be passed. These colors are fixed by laws of Congress in the United States. Thus a red buoy must be left on the starboard hand by a vessel entering the harbor from sea, and a black buoy must be left on the port hand; black and white horizontal stripes, give wide berth; black and white vertical stripes, hug close on either side. Nun buoys are placed on the starboard side of a channel, and can buoys on the port side. The Buoy Station is at Quarantine Landing, Staten Island, as shown on page 765. A picture of the light-ship may be found on page 772.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, *August* 20, 1879.

MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Gentlemen,—Having noticed your advertisement in the *Daily Saratogian*, I wish to add to your list of testimonials my own. Thirteen years ago I was sick with Bright's Disease for eight months without receiving the slightest benefit from the doctors. Fortunately my attention was called to your medicine, "Constitution Water," and after using two bottles I was entirely cured. Any one afflicted in like manner should not hesitate to use your remedy. I should be happy to see any one on the subject who is in doubt as to the truthfulness of this statement.

Yours truly,
L. R. CUSHING.

NEW YORK, *September* 9, 1879.

MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Gentlemen,—I am happy to inform you that I am now entirely well, having used only one bottle of "Constitution Water." Yours truly,
BUDD DOBLE.

GRAND UNION HOTEL,
SARATOGA SPRINGS, *Aug.* 1, 1879.

MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN, 59 John St. N. Y.:

Gentlemen,—One bottle of your medicine has cured me of inflammation of the kidneys. Enclosed find one dollar, for which please send me one bottle of "Constitution Water" for a friend.

Yours truly,
JOHN MCCORMICK,
Union Square Hotel, New York.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, *July* 30, 1879.

MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Gentlemen,—I consider it a duty I owe mankind to inform you of the benefit I have derived since last Sunday evening, when I took my first 40 drops of "Constitution Water," recommended by a friend, it having cured him of kidney trouble. I have suffered great pain across the small of my back, so acute that it would awaken me out of a sound sleep, but thanks to your medicine I am now entirely well, and have not taken six doses in all. Your remedy is well worth $10 per bottle, but the price, $1, puts it within the reach of all. Yours truly,
ROBERT CATHCART,
70 West 19th St., New York.

BATTLEBORO, NASH CO., N. C., *July* 8, 1879.

MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Gentlemen,—Enclosed please find P. O. order for $2, for which please send to W. H. TREVETHAN at this office two bottles of "Constitution Water." Mr. TREVETHAN begs me to say to you that it has almost made a complete cure of his wife, that her physician pronounced incurable, of Bright's disease of the kidneys.

Very truly yours,
W. C. WELLS.

PLEASANT HILL, MISS., *July* 5, 1879.

MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

I pray God that you may be spared many years to relieve others as you have me and my child. I have been taking medicine, almost daily, for thirteen years with scarcely any benefit, until the "Constitution Water" was brought to my notice. I have attended to my household duties the past week, for the first time in three months, the past month was the first month that I have escaped my severe sick head-spells. I take great pleasure in recommending "Constitution Water" to all my suffering friends. Very respectfully,
MRS. M. A. STATEN.

MOUNT HOME, ROCKINGHAM CO., VA.,
Aug. 13, 1879.

MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Dear Sirs,—I write again for "Constitution Water;" it is more beneficial than anything I have ever taken. Send six bottles for five dollars.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. MARY MILLER.

ROCKBRIDGE, ILLINOIS, *June* 7, 1879.

MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed we send you testimonial of the efficacy of your "Constitution Water" by Hon. J. M. P. WASHBURNE, of this State—extensively known throughout the United States—which you are at perfect liberty to publish for the benefit of suffering humanity.

Yours respectfully,
J. KEELY & CO.

MESSRS. J. KEELY & CO.:

Sirs,—The "Constitution Water" I bought of you is a good medicine, and I cheerfully recommend it to those afflicted with the diseases it is intended to cure. Respectfully yours,
J. M. P. WASHBURNE.

THOMAS STATION, MINN., *Aug.* 9, 1879.

MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Dear Sirs,—Last Sabbath I was at Fond du Lac and called on Mr. W. M. CARLTON. I was surprised to find him so much improved; he told me that your medicine, "Constitution Water," had been the means of doing it. It has been the belief of every physician knowing of his case that there was no help for him.

Yours respectfully,
S. ASHLEY, JR.,
Agent St. Paul & Duluth R. R.

NEW YORK, *June* 17, 1879.
311 East 74th St.

MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Gentlemen,—I thank you from all my heart for the benefit I have received from your medicine, the "Constitution Water." It has entirely cured me of my disease of long standing inflammation and catarrh of the bladder.

Very truly yours, REV. I. P. FEIGL.

BAY PORT, MIDDLESEX CO., VA.,
March 25, 1879.

MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Gentlemen,—I received the bottle of "Constitution Water" on the 22d, and after taking five or six doses I felt such a change in my system that I am more than pleased with it. Father wants a bottle. I enclose the money for it. Please send it by return express.

I remain yours, very respectfully,
GEO. E. MASON.

GASTON, NORTH CAROLINA, *April* 4, 1879.

MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Please send two bottles of "Constitution Water," marked C.O.D. I find it all it is represented to be. Yours respectfully,
W. R. VALENTINE.

SARATOGA, *August* 20, 1879.

MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Gentlemen,—Having been afflicted with catarrh of the bladder, accompanied by inflammation of the kidneys, after being attended by the best of the medical profession (five different physicians), and obtaining no relief, I was induced to try the "Constitution Water," so called, and am now happy to say entirely cured by the use of less than a bottle. Yours very respectfully,
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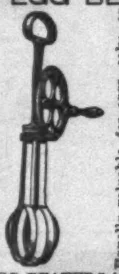

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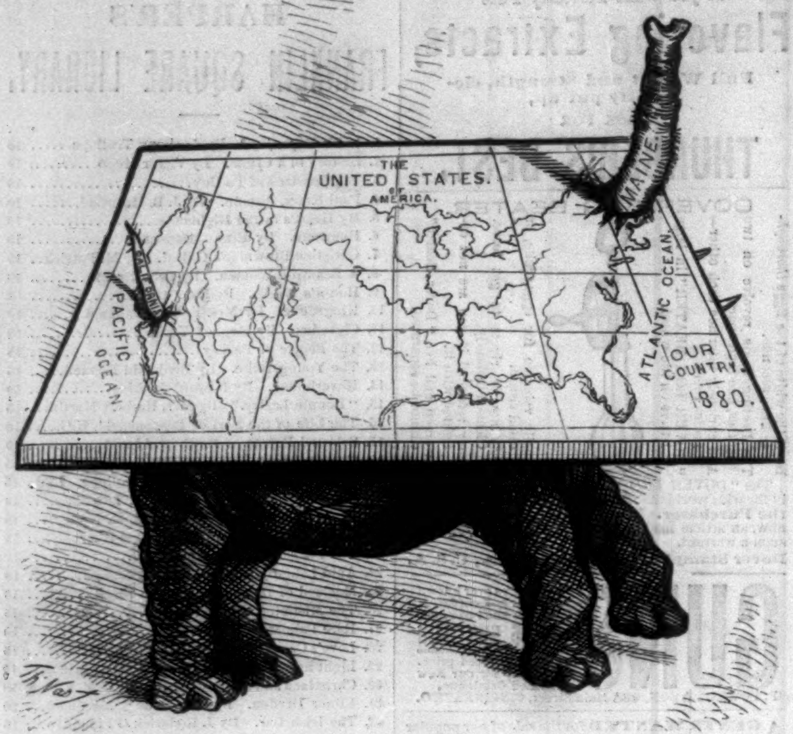
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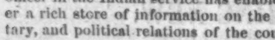

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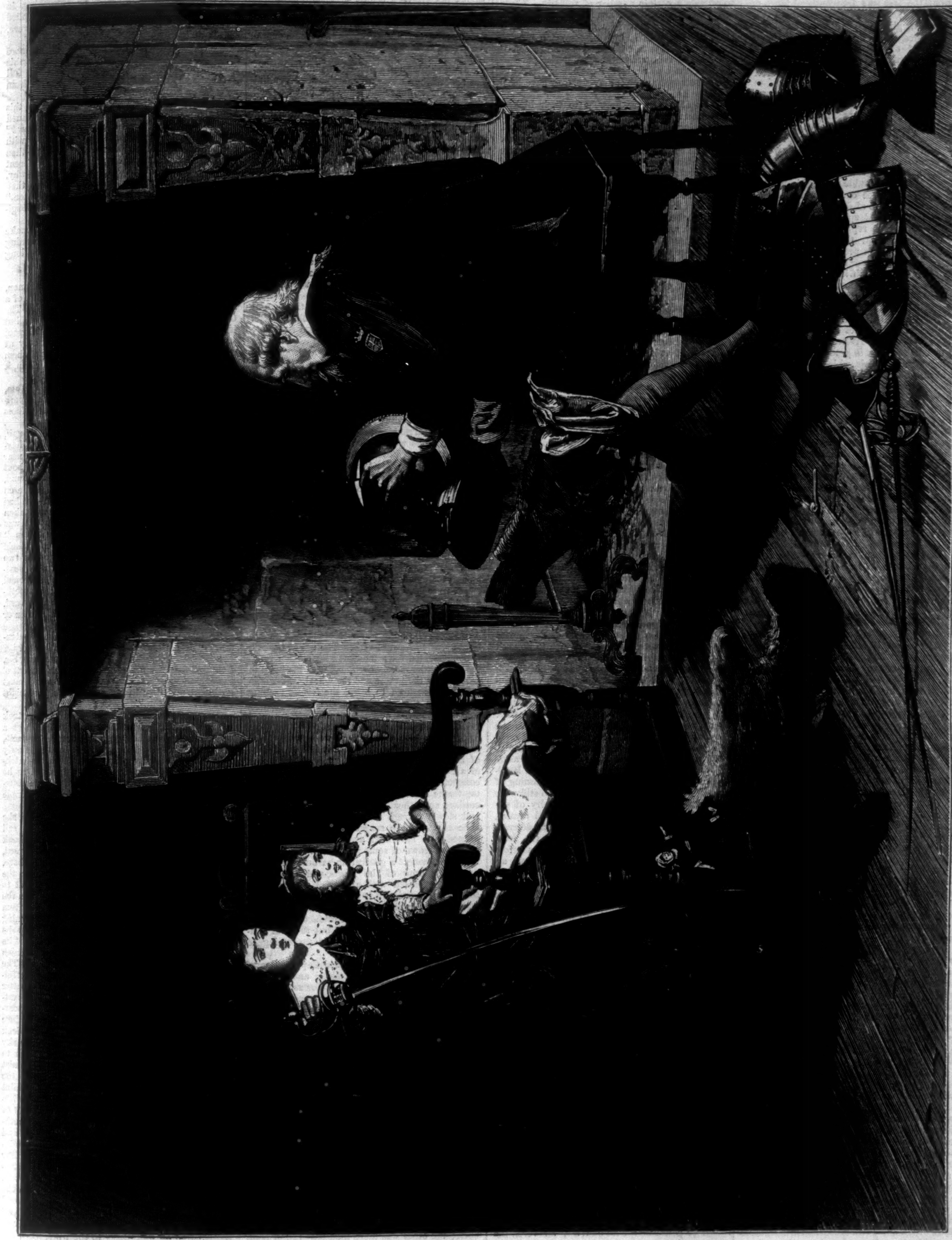

"HOW THEIR GRANDFATHER DIED."—FROM THE PAINTING BY P. SIDNEY HOLLAND.

ANCIENT ARMOR.

A SUIT of armor is such a rare sight in our own country that it is difficult to realize how familiar it is in the castles and palaces of the Old World. To our little ones a massive, many-pieced, and jointed garment of plated steel, such as lies upon the floor in our engraving, would be a wonderful curiosity; but to the interested pair who are listening so eagerly to the tale of brave and warlike deeds wrought by one whose name they bear, but whose blood was long since shed in tournament or fray, these suits of ancient harness are but a part of the furniture belonging to the mansion in which they live.

It can but excite admiration how our ancestors could not only move when incased in such enormous masses of iron, but even be active and dexterous under the load; and that, in addition to it, they were able to carry weapons of no inconsiderable weight. They are said, indeed, to have been more athletic, and their mode of life less enervating than that of their descendants. Certainly these causes must have operated, for we know that their stature and dimensions were no greater than our own. The influence of early habits had probably a greater effect in inuring them to labor than ordinary apprehension will admit. So long as a horseman could keep his seat, he was in little danger; but when he was overthrown, the weight of his armor prevented him from rising. Nevertheless, its strength and temper were still his safety. We read of a battle in the sixteenth century where, to destroy their enemies when overthrown, the followers of the French army, armed with hatchets, after giving them heavy blows on the head, tried in vain to break up their armor; but this was so strong, that although their visors were broken, very few could be killed. The use of armor was probably first suggested by the naked and defenseless condition of mankind in their natural state, their susceptibility to injury, and the difficulty of existing without warfare. What may have been the earliest kind devised we can not at this period pretend to ascertain. Yet to judge by those nations now living in the most barbarous state, it was most probably the shield. Next some kind of breastplate or gorget may have been contrived, and then a protection of a more complex and artificial structure to guard the head. The breastplate by degrees was fashioned into an ingenious defense, consisting of various other pieces extending over a greater portion of the body; it was connected with a back, and then were added guards for the arms, legs, and thighs. The helmet, covering only the upper part of the head, was closed before, brought down toward the shoulders, and united to the rest, by which means a complete protection was obtained.

Each of these improvements was added at periods of greater or less length, and there can not be a more unequivocal demonstration of the progress of civilization and the arts in Europe than the various changes and alterations which armor underwent for centuries. By the time the whole harness was complete, it included the three original pieces, shield, helmet, and breastplate; the powldron and vambrace for the shoulders and arms, cuisses and greaves for the thighs and legs, gauntlets and iron shoes for the hands and feet, besides some other detached and less considerable pieces. Spurs, though strictly speaking no part of armor, were almost universally added as a mark of distinction. They were of two kinds, the simple prick spur or goad, and the wheel or rowel spur; the last was frequently of large dimensions and elegantly wrought. A knight was entitled to wear gilt or golden spurs, and an esquire silver ones. The spur is even yet retained as a mark of distinction in the creation of knights. All these pieces united were denominated a coat of mail, which, as such, was apparently unknown to the ancients.

Mail was principally of two kinds—chain-mail, such as was worn by the Saxons and Normans, and plate-mail, the use of which was transmitted down to the eighteenth century. An old French writer describes the armor of Geoffrey, Duke of Normandy, when created a knight, in these words: "After providing him with horses he was furnished with arms. He was clothed in an incomparable cuirass, formed of double rings of iron, which neither arrow nor lance could penetrate. Iron boots or stockings, also of double rings, were put on his legs, and gilded spurs on his feet. A buckler bearing lions represented in gold was suspended from his neck. On his head was placed a helmet glittering with precious stones, and so well tempered that no sword could cleave it. An ashen spear, pointed with iron, was brought to him, and then a sword from the royal store."

The chain-mail here spoken of consists of small iron rings, not above a quarter of an inch in diameter, linked together. Each ring is connected with four others let into it, and each of these four is separately riveted. In this manner a kind of real net-work is produced. Several of these singular safeguards, which are called hauberks, have been handed down to our own days, and plainly evince the powerful obstruction they must have presented to the weapon of an assailant. The hauberk, or habergeon, resembled a shirt in make, and was thrown over the upper part of the body above the clothing. A collar protected the neck, and there was a hood or net helmet to cover the head. Sometimes the crown consisted of plates of iron instead of rings; and iron plates in like manner were sometimes fastened around the breast and back. Some authors suppose that there was a distinction between the hauberk and habergeon, affirming that the latter was simply a tunic wanting sleeves, and was the common armor, while the hauberk belonged peculiarly to a knight. It is doubtful, however, whether such a distinction was generally recognized. In addition to these parts there were trousers exactly of a similar construction, and it is probable that the feet were protected by a guard of similar description. A complete suit of chain-mail, which is still preserved in Great Britain, weighs thirty-nine pounds.

Plate-mail consists of small laminæ, or plates, usually of tempered iron laid over one another, like the scales of a fish. These, which were very various in shape and form, according to the country, the fashion of the times, and fancy of the owner, were sewed to a strong linen or leather jacket by a thread passing through a small hole in each plate. The plates were in general extremely numerous, small, and united with much ingenuity, so as freely to move together without impeding the motions of the wearer. But there are instances of them being large and cumbrous, where two only, weighing many pounds, covered the breast. This kind of armor was gradually introduced in place of the chain-mail, and is supposed to have entirely superseded it toward the middle of the fourteenth century. In its gradual progress, however, it assumed such a variety of forms and presented such a glaring want of uniformity, that in England, in 1632, the legislature interposed, commanding that none but uniform armor should be worn. The substitution of plate-mail, though a surer safeguard, could not be unattended with inconvenience, for while a complete suit of ring-mail weighs only thirty-nine pounds, one of plate weighs between seventy and eighty; indeed, the breastplate alone of that ascribed to Guy, Earl of Warwick, weighed no less than fifty-two pounds. Coats of mail were sometimes ornamented with gilding, or inlaid with gold and silver of beautiful workmanship.

The laws of most countries have been careful to enjoin that subjects should be suitably provided with both armor and weapons; and as kinds different in price and quality were used, the property of each individual was made a criterion of what he ought to possess. In England an act was passed in 1285, commonly called the statute of Winchester, commanding every man worth land to the value of fifteen pounds and chattels to the value of forty marks to keep a habergeon, or shirt of mail, an iron hat, a sword, and a dagger. With regard to persons of smaller fortune, probably either the government or the "overlord" provided defensive armor for them, as the injunction extends only to arms. It has been remarked that there is nothing said of either lance or shield, though we know that both were used at that period and for a long time subsequent to it. Soon afterward, in the year 1429, similar injunctions were made in the Scottish parliament. "Every man who is able to spend twenty pounds yearly, or who has an hundred pounds in goods, must be provided with a horse and accoutrements suitable to a gentleman; others of ten pounds rent, or fifty pounds in goods, are to have hat, gorget, armor for the body, gloves of plate, and splints for the legs. Yeomen worth twenty pounds of goods are to have a doublet of fence [a buff jerkin], or an habergeon and iron hat, with bow, quiver, sword and buckler, and knife. But should he be no archer and can not draw a bow, he must have a good sure hat for his head, a doublet of fence with sword and buckler, and a good axe, or else a brogged staff." Every baron is enjoined under penalty to see his men accoutred. It is proper to explain, however, that at this period the feudal system was in strict observance. Each man was a soldier, and every proprietor either held his lands from the king or some other proprietor for certain services performed. Military tenures were a certain mode of holding lands, whereby the proprietor was bound to provide a certain number of soldiers. These on a proclamation of war immediately assembled, carrying arms and provisions, and attended their overlord to the rendezvous of the army. Probably in those days there were no common arsenals or dépôts of arms under the administration of officers of the crown; and if the lower classes of people received armor, it may probably have been from the overlord.

Coats of mail were brought to their highest perfection in the latter part of the fifteenth century, during the reign of Henry VII. of England. At this time horses as well as their riders were protected by elaborate arrangements of defensive armor. The suits worn by the men were fluted throughout; the neck was defended by pass guards rising perpendicularly from the shoulders; the helmet assumed a natural form; the back of the neck was protected by flexible plates, and the whole of the head-piece made to adapt itself to every movement. In regard to the armor devised for the horse, the head was guarded by the chamfront, from which extended the manifaire, protecting the crest and arch of the neck. A series of solid plates, called the poitrel, covered the counter, and the crupper, also of solid steel, extended over the whole rump of the animal, from the castle of the saddle to the tail. These parts of the horse armor constituted what is called the barding proper. It was about this same period that the art of defense had so far surpassed the means of offense, that it is on record that in Italy, where the best armor—that of Milan—was made, two armies fought from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon, in which battle not only no person was killed, but no one was wounded.

In 1558 it was enacted in England that all persons having estates of a thousand pounds or upward should keep six horses for mounting demilances, with requisite harness and weapons; also forty corselets, forty coats of plate, forty pikes, forty long-bows, thirty sheaf of arrows, thirty steel caps or skulls, twenty black bills or halberts, twenty hackbuts (muskets), and twenty iron hats. Those of inferior fortune as before had less to provide. However, the fashion of the times having changed, and the ancient armor fallen into disrepute, such ordinances were considered severe, and soon after the year 1597 defensive armor began to be laid aside. Nevertheless, complete suits of mail continued to be worn throughout the whole of the seventeenth and even at the beginning of the eighteenth century. In 1632 a statute was issued which called for a general survey of the whole armor of the kingdom, and in addition to injunctions of uniformity, settled the price of it and of arms. By acts of Parliament passed thirty years later, the armor to be used was a guard for the back that should be sword-proof, and a breastplate or hat and helmet which should be pistol-proof. Armor, however, gradually continued to decrease, both from innovations and from its utility being diminished, until about the year 1690, when most of the defensive armor throughout Great Britain was returned to the Tower, whence it had been issued.

From this time the use of armor declined constantly. Piece by piece was gradually laid aside as fire-arms were used more and more, and hand-to-hand conflicts avoided. At the beginning of the present century the only troops who still wore defensive armor were the heavy cavalry of the Austrian, Russian, and French imperial armies, who were all cuirassiers. Napoleon I. made great use of this armor, but at Waterloo the iron-sheathed cuirassiers went down like grass before the English household troops, who wore no armor; and in the last battles of the Crimea, although there were cuirassiers in the armies of all three belligerents, no use was made of them in the field. In the earlier part of our late civil war an attempt was made to introduce bullet-proof waistcoats among the national troops, but after a short trial they were discarded.

THE SUNKEN ROCK.

A TALE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

By GEORGE CUPPLES,
Author of "The Green Hand."

I.—(*Continued.*)

Nothing was now heard but the liquid ripple alongside, and at intervals the plash of the leads cast from the frigate's weather chains into her passing shadow, with the slow, listless tramp of men lingering out their vigil on the forecastle; the captain paced the weather-side of the quarter-deck alone, and the patient old master rested his night-glass on the ratlines of the mizen rigging, when a sudden call from aloft, quick and startling, roused all beneath into eagerness, not unmixed with alarm.

"On deck there! Breakers to leeward!"

"Where-away?" hailed the captain himself, on the instant, springing upon a carronade, and looking up clear of the sails to the look-out aloft.

"Two points on the lee bow, Sir," answered the man; and the yards were braced up sharper to the wind, which now blew with increased briskness, so as to insure her weathering the spot in safety. One officer and another ascended the shrouds in order to catch sight of the scarcely expected peril, while the commander remained standing on the bulwarks, with eyes directed impatiently to the horizon; the countenance of the first lieutenant, as he watched the proceedings with affected indifference, nevertheless betraying mingled emotions, amongst which it would have been hard to say whether triumph or some secret feeling of disappointment had the better. Half an hour intervened, during which the ship, in her present state, and with her characteristic sailing qualities, must have made five or six knots headway; but at length an almost simultaneous murmur along the decks betokened that the danger in question was now visible. Over a broad space before the frigate's course a silvery haze was hung around the brightly setting moon, while she shed her light intensely on the surface underneath; an azure band severed that stretch of water from the horizon, and the nearer waves ran into it, dark by contrast, yet all along within it they rose shining and glittering in white radiance; but toward the further edge of this was seen but the more instantaneously some low black object, over which the breeze sent the snowy spray in wreaths and showers that lent an additional air of hazy indistinctness as they scattered across it, and as the moonshiny reflection trembled with its fairy web-work of lines and its threads of lustre from one smooth wave to another. All eyes were naturally bent upon it from the throngs of excited seamen, amongst whom this most dreaded of nautical terrors gained no small increase by the whole circumstances foregoing, as well as the somewhat perplexing and fantastic character of mystery attendant on its sudden appearance, just placed like a fragment of jet in the crisped silver setting of the moonlight: small as it seemed, indeed, yet the more perilous on that account would it have been had the night been dark, with the breeze blowing right down upon it, and the vigilance of the crew well-nigh at an end. The commander only signed with his hand to the man at the wheel to luff still more, and the officers stood grouping silently together with mutual exchange of looks, as the *Thetis* continued to edge rapidly in the direction of the rock, till at length her mainyard was backed, and she hove to at about three-quarters of a mile distant, rising and falling on the surges as the reversed canvas on her mainmast counteracted the breeze in her other sails.

A boat was then lowered from the ship's lee quarter, and its crew, under charge of the third lieutenant and master, pulled cautiously away for the spot, which was now conspicuous enough, although the very dazzle of the light, the showering of the spray, and the motion of the vessel when thus held in check, combined to render it still at that distance quite incapable of proper survey. The movements of the boat's crew were, however, sufficiently distinguishable; and as they neared the place where the water broke, making a half round to go to leeward of it, the frigate's bulwarks were topped by one continuous row of eager heads, the watch below having come on deck half dressed to witness the discovery now being accomplished. All at once the men in the cutter were seen to rise and wave their hats, with a loud cheer, which struggled up against the breeze to the ears of their shipmates; and directly after, the boat pulled straight in upon the supposed rock, becoming almost blended with the light spray to leeward of it. The eye of Captain Grove sparkled for a moment with sudden intelligence, but he merely beckoned with his hand to the men by the braces and the wheel. Five minutes more sufficed to bring the frigate rushing down upon the place, when she again sheered round to the wind, and became stationary, almost grinding her bows against the edge of the mass in question. By that time all were aware of its real nature, after noticing that it floated, instead of being fixed in the water, composed as it was of a couple of large hogsheads, nearly full, and connected into a sort of unwieldly raft by the top-frame of a ship's mast, with its attendant cordage and other hamper; while it drifted deep and slowly enough to offer considerable resistance to the sharp surges of the breeze, which dashed and sprinkled over its weather-side as upon the crown of some small reef. At this curious *dénouement* a general hurra burst from the assembled crew of the *Thetis*, which the commander repressed with a sign of his hand, although all severity in it was belied by the smile on his face. On the quarter-deck, indeed, he gave vent to his amusement and satisfaction in unrestrained laughter, to which all but the first lieutenant fully responded, even he professing to smile.

"Well, gentlemen," exclaimed Captain Grove, "it seems we might have added another bugbear to that fellow's hobgoblin; for as to its being in the same place—ha! ha!—or near it, that is out of the question. So I think, if nothing turns up by to-morrow at farthest, why, we may be contented with the charts, at least till some volcano or other shoves a new reef above water—eh, gentlemen?"

"Oh, after this," the first lieutenant responded, smoothly, and with unusual openness of manner, "certainly, Sir; you could not do less."

"I'm glad to see you can be convinced, Sleighton, in spite of your theories," returned Captain Grove, good-humoredly. "Now get these casks overhauled, as there's evidently something in 'em; and set the lumber adrift, that it mayn't frighten any one else. Why, such a concern as that would give a pretty thump to one's bows of a dark night, after all. I shall go and turn in now," continued he; "and let the ship be kept off and on hereabouts, if you please, till daybreak."

One of the casks was found to contain nothing but salt-water, its bung-hole having been open; the other was more than half full of common Italian wine, which was freely served out to the men as soon as it had been got on board; the former, with the timber accompanying it, fell to the share of the mess cooks for fire-wood, so that the sailors jocosely remarked there was something to be got by shoal-hunting, after all.

The first lieutenant stood musing silently by himself near the taffrail ere retiring to rest, when he was accosted by the old master of the frigate. "Well, Mr. Sleighton," said the latter, "I'm glad it's nothing in the shoal way, Sir, though here's some poor fellows gone to the bottom again, it's likely: but I'm not so sure it's a sign all's clear hereabouts."

"Pooh, pooh, Mr. Jones," answered the lieutenant; "the captain is right; this is just the kind of thing that gives rise to such reports."

"Ay, Mr. Sleighton," said the master, "but what's them things owing to, Sir, I ask?"

"Why, they've foundered, or something, in that greggale the day before yesterday," replied Sleighton—"such clumsy fellows as they were, no doubt."

"Well," said the master, "that might be, more especially as there's a strong current down this channel here sometimes—mostly about the full o' the moon, Sir; and *that* would bring 'em from no'theast a good way since the gale."

"And how much way would an affair of this kind make, do you suppose, Mr. Jones," continued Sleighton, carelessly, "in a couple of days now?"

"Why," said the master, calculating, "with the northeaster in their favor at first off-go—then this same current, we'll say, Sir—and different winds a-baffling about of 'em after'ards—why, you couldn't give them casks much more than about twoscore knots in that time, Mr. Sleighton."

"Ah," said Sleighton, "and we're in ten longitude, or so, I think; latitude?"

"Thirty-eight four, or pretty nigh that, I make it," replied the accurate master, after reckoning on his fingers; "but it's hard to say how long they might drift, you know, Sir."

"True, true, Jones," said the lieutenant.

"Well, Mr. Sleighton," said the old seaman, shaking his head, "it's a bad part to be in, of a strong nor'easter, is this *I*-talian channel. The Gulf of Lyons for a roaring gale, no doubt; but it's thought by some there's a sort of a whirlpool somewhere here; others, again, say it's only at certain times, more particularly when one of them greggales comes on; and, according to them, it shifts its place more or less."

"Ah, I dare say, Mr. Jones," said Sleighton, with an air of deferring to the old man's experience, "and no better authority for such facts than yourself."

"I never heard of it so far south as this, though, Mr. Sleighton," ran on the master, fond of having a listener to his old sea-lore, "nor so near Sardiniay, either; but I mind well enough, about seven year ago, being in a convoy, home'ard bound, round these same islands, when a gale came on thick from east'ard, out o' sight of land—we had a fine French Indiayman, a prize which was taken up the Gulf of Genoa. Well, Sir, how it was nobody ever knew, but next morning, when it cleared, not a stick of her was to be seen: she'd clear vanished out o' the very midst of us, two or three frigates, and twenty brigs or more, scattered on every hand. There we cruised round and round, looking for a sign of her; but nothing was ever found till about a month afterward, I heard, her wheel was got by some fisherman or other, with the ship's name on it."

"Strange, indeed," responded the first lieutenant. "And where was this, now, Mr. Jones?"

"Must have been a good bit up from here, Sir, I think," said the master, "though not far out o' the same course for Naples. Howsoever, I must go below, and turn in for a spell; so good-night t'ye, Mr. Sleighton."

As soon as the lieutenant was alone, he took out his pocket-book and carefully noted down a series of memoranda by the light of the binnacle, for the moon was already set. He then slowly followed his late companion down the after-hatchway. "Fools!" exclaimed he to himself, as he hastily threw off his uniform in the little stateroom; "not one capable of putting a few simple inductions together. But we shall see."

When next morning dawned on the *Thetis*, she was slowly forging ahead under still less sail than at the previous daybreak: a low gray bank of haze lay on the horizon to west and northward, against which her hull and spars, nearly bare, would have been scarcely discernible from the opposite direction, where the sun was about to strike his first rays through a lighter vapor in the east. The breeze came freshening along from southwest again, in the cool exhilarating morning air, till the frigate, whose few extended sails were so slanted to it as to neutralize most of its influence, rose curveting on the lively greenish surges like a creature impatient of restraint. The men of the watch looked out on all sides wistfully, as if to the full as tired of the whole matter as she was, while the officers on deck walked restlessly about, with evident anxiety for the appearance of the captain, and the change of procedure which might soon ensue. The objects on deck were as yet but coldly visible, and the gray sky above the eastern board had merely begun to show a few pearly streaks—the thin white mist seeming to creep nearer from the horizon as the breeze swept under it—when all at once a faint flash of light was seen to gleam, as it were, within the veil it presented, and the distant report of a gun came rolling along the water from southward. It was shortly followed by another, and the mist in that quarter began to scatter gradually apart, leaving a break of the horizon clear and coldly drawn against the sky, already becoming transparent with the approach of the sun. Every eye was of course directed at once to the open prospect, where, almost immediately, could be made out the figure of a large brig under all sail, studding-sails out aloft, and bending over as she squared off more fully to the wind, when the telescope could distinguish her British ensign flying at the main-peak. Next minute or two sufficed to detect the cause of her recent firing (previously concealed from the frigate by the brig's intervening hull and canvas) in the appearance of another craft, a couple of miles farther off, whose two immense lateen-sails loomed dark to windward, like the wings of a vampire, in chase.

The lofty spars of the *Thetis* still scarcely rose above the background of northern vapor, lazily curling off to the breeze, and which would for a time completely hide her presence from both the distant vessels coming across her weather-bow; but her decks were in five minutes crowded with men and officers, not a soul on board excepted from the resistless impulse, and all instinctively seeking the stations necessary for instant action, while yet gazing with breathless anxiety, and speaking in whispers, as if louder sounds might betray the frigate in her ambush earlier than the sunlight which now began to brighten the distant edge of the horizon, making the mist as transparent as gauze, and striking purple along the ruffled waters. Now and then an eye glanced stealthily toward the captain, who, with one hand raised to hold on his cocked hat, stood up on a carronade, watching the chase with intense interest, the brig again firing from her stern at her pursuer, which was apparently a swift xebec, or galley, and seemed to gain on her fast. The matter was one of no small nicety, indeed, to manage; since, on the one hand, if too soon made aware of the proximity of the frigate, the stranger would get too favorable a start, and that well to windward; whereas, on the other hand, the merchantman might be overtaken, and her crew treated in pirate style, were the delay too long protracted. The seamen of the *Thetis*, however, were heard to express their earnest wish that the enemy should have "plenty of law" given him, that he might lead them a good tight chase, "after this here hanged long spell of treasure-fishing and shoal-hunting." A dozen hands were laid ready on the shrouds of each mast, waiting for the order to lay aloft and loose sail, which of itself would probably discover the frigate to the vessels in sight; her sharp bows meanwhile slowly parting the waves ahead, and helping somewhat to improve her position for bearing down, when they were nearly abreast the beam. At length the captain stepped down from the gun, looked once more to windward, and made a sign to the man at the wheel. "Away aloft, my lads!" said he, quickly, to the ready sailors, who had already begun to ascend the rigging; the tall folds of canvas fell off the yards, which were hoisted by those on deck with the men still upon them. The frigate was next minute in stays, going about on the other tack, almost as the sun tipped the radiant horizon with his dazzling crest. She rose, dipping to the vast increase of force, and then, like a greyhound released from the leash, shot out of the haze under a cloud of white sail, on which the light struck yellow, as upon a brazen giant suddenly risen out of the deep. The flash and the roar of a gun at the same time broke from one of her open ports, sending a heavy shot spinning far across toward the pirate craft, now about four or five miles off: he had already taken the alarm, however, and his two huge three-cornered sails jibed sharply round, their long, slant yards bending like whips as he bore up almost dead before the wind. The breeze freshened as usual in the morning at that late season, with a sweep that curled every bright blue surge into vivid hollows and snowy crests, and the Tunisian galley was at times seen to dive into them amidst a cloud of spray, then to rise, ducking and rolling like a tub, swift as she was; while the frigate, scarcely leaning to it, drove steadily through the waves after her, with sails broad against the sunrise. The brig, safely pursuing her course, took in her studding and topgallant sails from the growing force of the wind, which brought the *Thetis* every few minutes a new advantage over her chase. The latter hauled closer up to it again, as if to try a better method for escape, and edge nearer to her own coast; upon which the frigate also was seen to brace on the same tack, and *on* a wind her own people knew well she found her favorite sailing-point. They could ere long distinguish the moist gleam of the very brine dripping from the Tunisian's bottom as she rose, with the Moorish skull-caps of her crew; but by that time, to the deck of the merchant brig, both vessels had dwindled to specks on the blue horizon.

II.

The *Thetis* had gone home to England, and been nearly a year paid off, when Captain Grove happened one day to enter the Naval Club room at Plymouth, where he found an old professional friend seated at his newspaper. The usual courtesies and greetings were exchanged, followed by various topics of conversation; after which the other captain suddenly asked: "By-the-bye, Grove, I think you had a young blade named Sleighton for your first luff last time I saw you in the old Mediterranean?"

"Yes," said Captain Grove; "what of that?"

"Why, perhaps it's not the same. What sort of chap was he?" continued his friend.

"Oh, why, an exceedingly good officer," replied Captain Grove; "only, by-the-bye, a little disputatious sometimes, and one of your scientific men."

"First name Frederick?" inquired the other.

"Yes," said Captain Grove.

"Haven't you heard of the fellow's good luck, then, Grove?" was the next question. "Why, he's made a commander."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the captain of the *Thetis*, in surprise. "I'm glad to hear it, though, by Jove! I believe he was poor. But how the deuce has that sly old uncle of his contrived to get him promoted so soon?"

"'Tis rather a queer story," said the other: "as I heard it, he had been some time or other in a ship sent out to discover a new reef, or something of the sort, about the coast of Sicily, and his captain couldn't find it; so what does Sleighton do, a few months ago, but go and tell the Admiralty he was pretty sure he could ferret out this said rock of theirs if they'd only give him a schooner with a few hands. He got the schooner, and off to the Mediterranean, where, sure enough, he found the rock, and his commander's gilt swab too—which, in our day, Grove, you know, we should have thought you couldn't buy so quickly, except by taking a French frigate at the least."

"Well," said Captain Grove, with forced calmness, "do you suppose this story to be *true*, Captain Fanshaw?"

"*True*, my dear Sir!" was the reply; "why, I believe you'll find it laid down in the chart at any rate;" and the other captain turned to the last Admiralty chart, which lay on a bookstand in the room. He pointed to the spot in question, and Captain Grove slowly and distinctly read off the words: "Twilks Rock, latitude 38 degrees 50 minutes 11 seconds north; longitude 10 degrees 37 minutes 12 seconds east; lying southeast and northwest; depth over the crown of the reef, one fathom at low water; sea breaks on it during a northeaster; fifty miles east by south from Cape Carbonara."

"Ah," said he, in accents of ironical self-constraint, "very particular, *indeed!* Do you know, now, the *Thetis* happened to be the ship sent on the duty you allude to, and *I* was the captain who couldn't find the rock wanted?"

"Is it possible, Grove?" exclaimed Captain Fanshaw.

"Yes, Sir, by Jove! I spent twenty-four hours using every possible means to turn over the ground, and turn it over I did. Why, Sir, we went through that very spot again and again; and, by Heaven! Captain Fanshaw, the whole story from beginning to end is a cursed lie!"

"Oh," put in Fanshaw, with the view of soothing the passion which now inflamed his companion's features—"oh, I dare say Sleighton spent a week or two on the matter instead of twenty-four hours. He could better afford it, you know; and, besides, he wanted his new commission."

"The whole thing is a falsehood," repeated Captain Grove, giving way to his irritation; "trumped up, don't you see, most plausibly, and safe enough, too; for who is ever to disprove it? A schooner and a few hands, forsooth! Why, the scoundrel might cheat or bribe a dozen ignorant foremast-men and a couple of master's-mates, perhaps, into anything of the kind he chose, and everybody in future steers clear of the place! And *he*, the sneaking hound, was among the first to seem convinced there was nothing of the sort."

"Contemptible swab!" said the other captain; "but of course that was his cue."

"Is this infernal shoal, or whatever they call it, to haunt me right and left?" continued the commander of the *Thetis*, much excited. "I tell you, Sir, I am as sure it doesn't exist, where they put it at least, as I am that I stand here, and so I reported to the Admiralty. Why, the fellow has given me the direct lie—to the very first day I have been afloat, the direct lie!—and that, I'm convinced, with the full knowledge he was telling a falsehood himself. The least I could do, were he not a cowardly rascal, as I've reason to think, would be to cane him in the public street. But, Fanshaw, I will *prove* him a liar, as I did the Scotch skipper a fool before him. I tell you I'll sail over that very spot again the first opportunity, else I shouldn't die easy. If I ever have the keel of the *Thetis* under me in those waters again, and if I don't carry her clear over where your chart marks a rock, call James Grove a liar, and no seaman to boot!"

To this outbreak, so natural for a man of Captain Grove's temper in the circumstances, his friend made no reply, except an accommodating one, and parted from him, somewhat dubious as to the exact state of the case, and soon to forget the matter altogether.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CHESS HUMBUG.

A CENTURY ago a great sensation was caused in Europe by the advent of a very ingenious so-called automaton chess-player, exhibited by the inventor, M. De Kempelen. The history of the figure is very curious. De Windisch, who saw it as first exhibited at Vienna in 1770—for afterward it was in some noteworthy respects altered—gives the following account of it: "I saw the inventor draw from a recess his automaton, fixed to a good-sized chest, and I could not, any more than others, help suspecting that this chest might contain a child, which, as I guessed from the dimensions of the case, might be ten or twelve years of age. But we were all confounded on seeing De Kempelen turn up the garments of the automaton, pull forth the drawer, and open all the doors of the chest. Moving it about, thus opened, by means of the casters on which it is placed, he turned it in all directions, and permitted us freely to examine it all over."

The chest to which the figure was affixed is three and a half feet long, two feet wide, and two and a half feet high, and was, by means of casters, moved easily from place to place. Behind it was a figure the size of life, dressed in Turkish costume, seated upon a wooden chair, fastened to the body of the automaton.

The figure "leans its right arm on the table, holding a long Turkish pipe in the left hand in the attitude of a person who ceases to smoke. It plays with its left hand"—an oversight not discovered till the work was too far advanced for a change to be made. "When the Turk is about to play, M. De Kempelen takes the pipe from its hand. Before the automaton is a chess-board, screwed to the table, or upper surface of the chest, on which the eyes of the figure appear to be constantly fixed. M. De Kempelen opens the first door of the chest, and pulls out the drawer which is underneath. The chest is partitioned off into two equal parts, of which the left is narrower than the right. The left side, indeed, occupies scarcely one-half of the length of the chest, and is filled with wheels, levers, cylinders, and other pieces of clock-work. In the division to the right are seen some wheels, some spring barrels, and a couple of horizontal quadrants. The remainder is filled with a carpet, a cushion, and a small board, on which are traced certain letters in gold. At a subsequent point of time, and prior to the automaton's commencing play, the inventor takes out this casket and places it on a side table. He does the same by the board of letters, which is finally placed on the chess-board after the game is played, to enable the automaton by these means to answer questions to be put to him." In the drawer of the chest are chess-men, and also a small box containing six small chess-boards presenting an ending of a game. These positions could be set up on the figure's own board, and he undertook (or M. De Kempelen undertook for him) to win each and every such game by force, whether playing with the red or white—a poor device, seeing that hundreds of such positions have been devised which an average player could retain in his memory, winning mechanically whether he took one side or the other.

Now follows an important part of Windisch's description—important, at least, as showing how thoroughly he and others were deceived by De Kempelen's ingenious devices. "M. De Kempelen," he says, "not only opens the front door of the chest, but also those behind, by which means all the wheels are clearly seen, so as to give the most perfect conviction that no living being could be hidden therein. To render this *exposé* more complete" (as Windisch supposed, but in reality for a quite different purpose), "the constructor places a lighted taper in the interior of the chest, thus throwing light into its remotest corners. Finally he lifts the robe of the automaton, and throws it over his (the figure's) head in such a manner as completely to show the structure of the interior, where also are seen only wheels and levers, which so entirely occupy the body of the automaton that room is not left to hide even a cat. The very trousers of the Turk are furnished with a small door, likewise flung open, to remove the slightest shadow of a doubt. But do not imagine, good reader, that the inventor shuts one door as he opens another. *The entire automaton is seen at the same time uncovered, the garments being also turned up, and the draw opened as well as all the drawers of the chest.* In fact, it is in this state he rolls it from place to place around the room, courting the inspection of the curious."

All this, in reality, was done to throw dust in the eyes of "the curious;" for, as will presently be explained, the interior was not all shown at once, as it seemed to be. To proceed, however, with Windisch's description: M. De Kempelen then "shuts all the doors of the chest, and places it behind a balustrade, made to prevent spectators from shaking the machine, and also to keep clear for the inventor a rather spacious place, in which he occasionally walks, approaching the chest at times on the right or left side, but without touching it until it is time to wind up the springs." M. De Kempelen places the casket on a little table near the machine; and the inventor "has frequent recourse to the casket" during the play, looking at the inside, which is kept hidden from the spectators. "It is generally assumed," says Windisch, with charming *naïveté*, "that the casket is simply a device to attract attention; still, M. De Kempelen assures his visitors that without it the automaton could not play."

The automaton, when about to move, "slowly raises his arm and directs it toward the piece he intends to play. He suspends his hand over the piece, spreads his fingers to grasp it, places it in its destined situation, draws back his arm, and again rests it on the cushion." At each move he makes, a slow sound of wheels and clock-work is heard. The noise ceases when the move is made. The automaton always claims the first move. When his adversary plays, the figure lifts his head and overlooks the board. He courteously warns the queen of being attacked by bowing his head twice, and equally notifies such to the king by three bows. Should a false move be played, he indignantly shakes his head; but not confining himself to tacit disapprobation, he instantly confiscates the offending piece, following up the capture by playing himself, thus depriving his opponent not only of his piece, but of his move also. This *divertissement* happens not unfrequently, spectators wishing to test the figure's powers of discrimination. Of course the figure here departed from the laws of chess, which inflict no severer punishment on a false move than that the opponent may either let the move stand, insist on the piece falsely moved making a correct move, or else that the player who has moved a piece falsely shall replace it and move his king.

"To destroy the impression that magnetism is the principle of action, M. De Kempelen permits the most powerful magnet to be placed on the machine."

The figure played good chess. The account shows clearly that it was not in communication with either of the adjoining rooms, the ceiling, or the floor; all parts of the interior of the machine seemed to have been so thoroughly shown, at one and the same moment, to the spectators, that no human figure could possibly have been concealed therein. Thus the opinion was adopted by not a few that the figure really was what it purported to be—a true automaton, that is, "a machine made by human hands, performing all its movements by the action of various springs, wheels, and other mechanical forms of power, and by these only." In other words, it was assumed by those who adopted this opinion that De Kempelen had so arranged matters that for every possible position which the chess-men might assume upon the board, the internal machinery would so act as to cause the figure to make—I will not say the best possible move for that position, seeing that in that case it could never have been beaten—but a good move. But while it is theoretically possible to construct such an automaton, it is practically impossible to do so—and would be, even if the whole human race could for thousands of years devote their energies to that one purpose.

In 1783 De Kempelen went to Paris, where, however, the automaton was most wofully beaten by the French chess-players at the Café de la Régence. "It is worthy of mention," says Walker, "that De Kempelen himself was very inferior to his automaton as a chess-man" (meaning presumably as a chess-player), "since in playing in the ordinary manner a first-rate practitioner could give him the rook; but there was much less difference between the best flesh-and-blood players and their wooden opponent."

De Kempelen, well satisfied with the success of his speculation in Paris, proceeded next across the straits with his automaton. At that time Philidor, the renowned French player, had been for some time resident in London. He does not appear to have played himself with the automaton. But he had formed a school of chess there "of greater extent," Mr. Walker states "than was ever seen before or after. To this cause may be attributed," Mr. Walker proceeds, "the high fee of admission to a sight of our automaton, fixed by M. De Kempelen at five shillings. Hundreds and thousands of persons flocked to the show." An improvement had been made, by-the-way, in the mechanical part of the figure, which now actually pronounced the word *check* or *échec*, or something like one or other sound, according, perhaps, to the fancy of the auditor.

Now occurred a singular episode in the career of the automaton. Hitherto the secret of the figure had lain between De Kempelen and those whom he employed to work the mechanism. But De Kempelen was at this time persuaded to reveal the secrets of the prison-house to about the last man in all Europe whom, had he been wise, he should have selected for a confidant—Frederick (called the Great) of Prussia. Frederick was a lover of chess, but, like Napoleon (who also subsequently met and was beaten by the automaton), he was by no means a strong player. Defeated by the figure, he became the more eager to know how the deception was managed. For a large sum De Kempelen agreed to solve the riddle. Frederick was thoroughly mortified by the disclosure. He did not reveal the secret; but he did worse: he showed and expressed such utter contempt that the automaton no longer attracted attention. It was thrown aside into an obscure lumber-room, where it remained till a new generation was ready to be duped afresh by it.

When Eugène Beauharnais was King of Bavaria, the automaton, then in the possession of M. Maelzel, was exhibited successfully before him. Eugène offered £1200 for the figure and its key. The offer was accepted; the courtiers were sent from the room; "the door was locked by Eugène, and every precaution taken to insure his acquiring the sole knowledge of the enigma. The prince is alone with the demonstrator; the latter, unhesitatingly and in silence, flings open simultaneously all the doors of the chest, and Prince Eugène saw—what he saw! Blue-beard's wife at the door of the azure chamber looked not more blue than did Bavaria's monarch; but Eugène faced the *dénouement* with greater wisdom than the former royal purchaser of the secret. He shrugged up his shoulders, took a pinch of snuff, laughed at the joke, and, though he probably thought his purchase *rather dear at the price*, expressed much gratification at inspecting the figure in all its parts. He even subsequently placed himself in the necessary relation with the automaton, and giving it the invisible impulse, conducted it during several games against some of his most intimate friends."

The automaton quickly passed again into Maelzel's hands. It was exhibited in Paris, M. Boncourt, a very strong player, conducting the figure's chess. In 1819 it was exhibited a second time in London. M. Maelzel engaged the assistance of Mr. Lewis, an excellent chess-player, who conducted the automaton chess for something like a twelvemonth. After this, M. Mouret, one of the best French players of the school of Deschapelles, took charge of the figure's play. Mouret afterward sold the secret to the French *Penny Magazine*, and here it is:

The man who played was concealed in the chest. "He sat on a low species of stool, moving on casters, and had every facility afforded him for changing and shifting his position like an eel. While one part of the machine was shown to the public, he took refuge in another; now lying down, now kneeling; placing his body in all sorts of positions studied beforehand, and all assumed in regular rotation, like the A B C of a catechism. The interior pieces of clock-work—the wheels and make-weight apparatus—were all equally movable; and additional assistance was thus yielded to the fraud. Even the trunk of the automaton was used as a hiding-place, in its turn, for part of the player's body. A very short amount of practice, by way of rehearsal, was found sufficient to meet the purposes of the occasion; and one regular order being observed by the two confederates as to opening the machine, a mistake rarely or never occurred. Should anything go radically wrong, the prisoner had the means of telegraphing his jailer, and the performance could be suspended." Those who supposed that they had seen the whole of the interior at one view were simply deceived by devices in which, in reality, consisted the cleverness of the whole affair. "Certain doors dropped and closed of themselves, with spring locks; others were opened in their places. The machine was turned round, but still was never wholly exposed to view at once. It becomes perfectly ludicrous," says Mr. Walker, "to read over again Windisch's glowing description of the miraculous monster, when we find that even a reference to his own drawings shows that at the time he says all the doors were open, two were closed."

The lighted candle introduced into the interior, when there was nothing to be seen, was purposely left burning close by, in order that no ray of light might flash out from the interior, where a second candle was necessarily burning during the play. For, as has been already stated, the director of the automaton was in the *chest*, not overlooking the board, as Thicknesse and Willis supposed.

Now follows a part of the statement which has been called in question by some, to whom Willis's explanation seems more satisfactory. We can